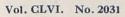
The

TATLER



London May 29, 1940



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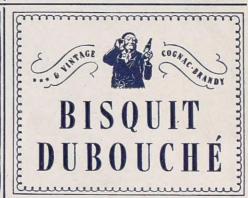
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THE TATLER

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Hugh Cecil

HIS MAJESTY THE KING-GOD BLESS HIM!

The latest portrait of Our Gracious Majesty taken very shortly before he delivered his heartening message to the Empire on May 24—Empire Day. His Majesty's example of steadfast courage in these times of acute crisis is a magnificent tonic to the subjects of this Realm throughout the world



The Social Round

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or fay or think or dream, Our motley paper feizes for its theme"

The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709

Clarion Call from Chelsea

Chelsea wants more Red Cross helpers. Until about a month ago this picturesque small borough held a treasured record. It had more Red Cross members than any Metropolitan borough, but now big neighbour Westminster has gone ahead by a small margin. Chelsea is fighting to the front again, and hopes to spring a typically Stamford Bridge surprise. Girls who join will find plenty to do, however lightly raided London may be. At a typical first-aid post they learn to sing, carpenter, cook, dress-make (Ethne Fry the artist is the "Schiap" of her post) and to dig for victory, make toys and speak two languages as well as the medical lingo. More important, they learn to look and to be good nurses. One Chelsea commandant aims at forming a trained reserve, from which to fill gaps caused by the calling up of those under orders for service overseas, and by weddings and storks.

There are twenty-one Red Cross detachments in Chelsea, including five non-stop first aid posts, all of which are busy rehearsing and drilling for the Red Cross annual church parade in which every one from commandants to A.R.P.



ICE STAR WEDS

This bridal group, taken after the marriage on May 18 at St. Mary's Church, Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey, of Mr. Peter Hodge, R.A., and Miss Mia Macklin, shows the bride and bridegroom with Miss Jean Macklin and the best man, Count Jean de Caraman. Mrs. Hodge, who is the daughter of Captain Macklin, the car designer, has since childhood been famous as an ice skater. She gained her gold medal at the age of thirteen, was reserve for the English team in the 1936 Olympic Games and has competed in the European and world championships. Mr. Hodge is the younger son of Sir Rowland Hodge, the shipbuilder and a kinsman of Lord Wyfold

canteen workers will take part on Sunday, June 2. One of the objects of this mammoth procession is to make Chelsea Red Crossminded so that they give generously to the Red Cross flag day three days later. The post at the Polytechnic is under the command of Miss Bridget Patterson and Mrs. Maurice Lubbock. Her actress sister, Pamela Stanley, is one of the workers known collectively as The Lovelies. At Chelsea Hospital for Women the commandant is Lady Alethea Eliot, while genial Miss Wyatt commands in Cadogan Square. In the heart of the artistic quarter Tite Street-Mrs. Edmund Compton holds the fourth fort, where personnel includes Mrs. Neville Chamberlain's niece, Valerie Cole. The largest F.A.P. is at St. Mark's College near the famous football ground. Here London 48, London 332, London 360 and London 90 have their war stations. The last numbered party o. ladies-in-waiting claims at least two distinctions. Its common room is decorated by the finest collection of Guinness posters outside Park Royal, and its C.O. is an outstanding personality, Miss Elizabeth Arbuthnot, who nursed in France, Serbia and Russia last time. Her twin is the Eton and Cambridge oar, Major Robert Arbuthnot. She only rejoined the Red Cross last year at the instigation of Chelsea's divisional director, Miss Millicent Buller, who keeps a talentspotting eye on some eleven hundred women.

Winchester Fête Plans

At the time of writing Greenjackets' wives are going ahead with plans for a fête on June 6 to be held in the Greenjacket ground for the 60th and the Rifle Brigade. Lady Inchiquin, Lady Ursula Abbey and Mrs. Michael Buller are heavily involved, the last-named with White Elephants. They want to make at least £300. The Stage has agreed to make the occasion something of a provincial theatrical garden party, and it is confidently expected that Miss Evelyn Laye will look her most pink and white and gold and English at the



Bertram Park TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH

A June wedding has been arranged for Flying Officer J. H. L. (Toby) Musker, R.A.F.V.R., formerly 7th Hussars, elder son of Major Herbert Musker, late Suffolk Yeomanry, and Mrs. Musker of Rushford Hall, Norfolk, and Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, who is the younger daughter of the late Major Maitland-Makgill-Crichton of Monzie Castle, Perthshire and Largo House, Fife, and of Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton



A BRIDE-ELECT-MISS DIANA YOUNGER

The engagement was announced last week of the younger daughter of Sir William Younger and of Mrs. Dennis Wheatley, of 8 St. John's Wood Park, and the Hon. William Francis Brinsley Le Poer Trench, elder son of Mary Countess of Clancarty, of 7 St. James's Court, and the late Earl of Clancarty, and a halfbrother of the present earl

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YACHTSMAN'S NIECE MARRIED

Mrs. G. M. Downes, whose marriage took place on April 20, was formerly Miss Pamela Strickland, daughter of Colonel G. T. Strickland, of New Milton, Hants, and of Mrs. Kay Strickland, and a niece of Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith, whose husband succeeded Sir Thomas Lipton as Britain's most persistent challenger for the America's Cup

opening ceremony. Here's 'wishing these historic rifle regiments a fine day for operations at headquarters.

The Situation in Suffolk

 $\begin{array}{cccc} The \begin{array}{cccc} September & exodus from \\ the & East & Coast & was \\ replaced & by & evacuees, & of \end{array}$ which a very high proportion remained, so that since the recent acceleration of events places like Felixstowe are fuller than ever. Normally, Felixstowe "goes into a coma," to quote one of the inhabitants, except during high summer, but all this year has seen a series of dances got up by Mrs. "Eve" Matthews and Mrs. Mackenzie Muir, the latter home from India, where they do these things so well. The military and locals have had an Ian Hay time getting better acquainted. Bicycles are almost the only mode of progression. "Dick" Liddell, who has been staying with his mother at Martello Place, rides a high green model (shades of the Green Bicycle Murder Case!) which he hires for 3s. 6d. a weekproof that the cost of locomotion has risen. The usual Whitsun tennis tournament did not occur, but the courts were fairly busy and Miss "Maggie" Harvey, a kinswoman of Lord Bristol, was hitting well, off duty from a first-aid post. The Y.M.C.A. canteen is kept incredibly

busy, mainly owing to the excessively bad cooking in a certain unit. The amount spent by soldiers at the canteen is out of all proportion to their pay. Mrs. Singleton-Cooper's attractive grey hair will soon be white with the difficulties of raising enough voluntary helpers, as the troops have been demanding four meals a day. Another indefatigable is Mrs. Sherran, whose husband was killed in the King's Cup Air Race two years ago. Admiral Sir Robert Russell has done more than any one for the various Sailors' Benevolent Institutions in the town; his work being somewhat less arduous now than it was in the winter.

The W.V.S. are as busy in Suffolk as anywhere. The County organizer is Lady Eddis, golfer and yachtswoman. She can sail anything, including that awkward bark, Evacuation. Despite the Government's constant reiteration that clothing is the parents' responsibility, over two thousand garments have had to be given out by the Beccles Centre alone. An interesting scheme for the part-time employment of women for agricultural work has the co-operation of the W.R.I. and the W.V.S., Suffolk being one of the happy counties where these admirable organizations do not tread on each others toes. Lady Cranworth is sponsoring the scheme. Her husband does an immense amount of good for agriculture, and is chairman of the Lord-Lieutenant's Fund, which watches over Suffolkmen ashore and afloat. "I am sitting in the garden on the edge of the cliff on top of the sea, and apart from a destroyer nosing around, some aeroplanes far overhead, and a searchlight in the foreground, it is idyllic," concludes a local inhabitant.

On the Riviera

From an English resort to a French one. In Cannes the English and American villa colonies take war work seriously in spite of the distracting balm of the climate, and they write home as if no clouds were banked behind Ventimiglia. At Antibes, Mrs. Robin Van



IRISH "AT HOME"

A group of Sir Christopher and Lady Nixon's guests when they held their first "at home" after moving into their new house, The Grange, at Clonsilla, County Dublin. The names are (left to right, standing) Mrs. James Geoghegan, Eleanor Lady Yarrow, Lady Nixon, the Earl of Belmore, Miss Tina Nixon, Miss Kay Nixon, and Mr. Franz Ofner. (Sitting) Mr. Ulick C. Jennings (an Irish Knight of Malta), Josephine, Lady Trimblestown, Mr. A. Davies, Miss Greene, and the Hon. Mr Justice James Geoghegan



Lenare

A DEVONSHIRE BRIDE

Our picture shows Mrs. Hugo Nicholson, daughter of the late Captain J. Clemson, formerly Royal Devon Yeomanry, now Field Gunners, and of Mrs. B. C. James, of Woodtown, Bideford. Her husband, Mr. Hugo Romer Nicholson, is the son of the late Captain Eric Nicholson and the Countess of Breadalbane, and is in the 14/20th Hussars

den Bergh holds knitting bees, and her villa was the scene of a bridge tea and cocktail party in aid of "Soupe Populaire," which Howard Wilcox started months ago. This organization helps to feed the wives and children of four

hundred absent soldiers. The villageois peel vegetables and pour out soup by turns. The only honeymooners since the "Jim" Lawrences were Max Niven and his South African bride, Doreen Platt. Lady Norman's celebrated Chateau de la Garoupe, so often rented by Mr. "Pops" Purbrick, has been taken by the Government as a convalescent home for French officers.

From Biarritz I hear that from 9 to 9.30 p.m. a ghoulish whistling on the radio prevents the English-speaking from hearing the news distinctly. This interference is attributed to everything from spies to stars. B.B.C., please cure.

In Newcastle and Glasgow
My naval correspondent in
Newcastle has come to the
conclusion that there are few
things more remarkable in
this quaint country we love so
dearly than its provincial
cities. He finds Newcastle
self-contained in every way—
Shipping Exchange, Stock
Exchange, etcetera; adding,
"If London were to disappear
tomorrow, I don't believe
Newcastle would bother.
They could carry on as a

The Social Round—(continued)

miniature capital without much assistance." The N.O.s frequent Tilley's which is a sort of Café Royal, with music and no dancing. The local beauty, Mrs. "Enid" Whillis, who looks rather like Mrs Charles Sweeny with even longer eyelashes, goes there looking well in her blue motor driver's uniform, and accompanied by her "boss" Captain Arthur Marsden, the dashing sailor Member for Virginia Water, who is in such good heart about the war that he has invited friends to stay in Newcastle for Gosforth Races, a June fixture which normally commends itself to all Northumbrians.

The Jockey Club was able to sanction racing at Lanark last week, to the delight of the "Coonty" and of Glaswegians. The latter compare their home course, Hamilton Park, favourably with Longchamp, although knowledge of the latter may be restricted to hearsay.

Not long ago Glasgow took on a cosmopolitan appearance with lots of French sailors in red "toories" smiling through Sauchiehall Street, and trying to understand its language, which sometimes defeats their English Allies. Luigi's celebrated Malmaison had its quota of gay French naval officers, and by way of contrast, Douglas Byng was dining. He is a retiring star, meaning un-selfconscious and modest off-stage. When he said "I must fly" he meant it literally. In the show at the Empire Theatre he was suspended by wires and dangled over the audience, in a skit on those juicy theatrical matrons who do this kind of thing when called out of the limbo to entertain the dear boys. In Mr. Byng's opinion Glasgow audiences have improved in uptake and enthusiasm eighty per cent since the war. Formerly he placed Aberdeen and Edinburgh before Glasgow as gag-catchers; now there is nothing to choose between them. Archie's Bar at the Central Station is a favourite meeting ground, Lord "Johnny" Dumfries went in with his arm in a sling, and Commander Greig, Sir Louis's brother, with Lord Inverciyde before the latter left on foreign service. In neutral territory, on the station steps, Lord Provost

Dollan talked thoughtfully with a French admiral—the auld alliance, 1940 version.

The Scottish Scene

In Angus sympathy is felt for Danish-born Mrs. "Will" Baxter whose charm has endeared her to her husband's county. Apart from anxiety about her immediate family, she fears that Denmark will be financially ruined as prize herds are being slaughtered and generations of scientific farming thrown away by the Hun. You may recall the picture of pretty Ingrid Baxter in the Portrait Painters' Exhibition last year. Lauder also showed one of her husband whose sister is married to Colonel "Alick" Wolfe Murray, commanding a Seaforth battalion in Shanghai.

Several recent promotions hold particular interest for Angus and Perthshire. First and foremost the adored "Jo," bonny Earl of Airlie, has succeeded in getting back into the army after months of effort. He is now in training. Forty-seven, and the father of six children, Lord-Lieutenant of Angus, Queen's Chamberlain and full of useful activities, he

could so easily have sat back. Lord Rosebery took over Lord Airlie's A.R.P. responsibilities. The latter made a last appearance in Forfar during Whitsun and showed his film of the royal tour of Canada for war charities. This informal record, accompanied by his attractive commentary, has raised considerable sums to

The popular former adjutant of the Black Watch in Dundee, Major "Rorie" McPherson, has been promoted lieutenant-colonel. native of the Island of Eigg, he made many friends while stationed in Perth and Forfar where pride is taken in the promotion of Michael Crichton-Stuart, the tall, dark and handsome young laird of Falkland Palace. He is now a captain in the Scots Guards. His father, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, was killed with the Welch Regiment in the last war just before Michael's birth. His mother is Mrs. Maule Ramsay, of Kellie Castle, and he has a step-brother, Alec Ramsay, in the same regiment,



AT THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY HOWLAND'S SON

The ceremony was at Westminster Abbey, and the son and heir who is third in direct descent to the Dukedom of Bedford, was given the names of Henry Robin Ian. Left to right in the picture are Lady Daphne Russell, Lord Howland's sister, Lord and Lady Howland and the infant, Sir Claud Russell, a godfather, and son of the late Lord Arthur Russell, and Mr. Rory More-O'Ferrall, another godfather. Lord Howland is the Marquis of Tavistock's only son and grandson of the Duke of Bedford

> and a cousin, Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart. Furthermore, Captain Donald Nicol, who was adjutant of the Black Watch at Perth when war broke out, has been promoted to the rank of temporary major. He is a stepson of the Maclachlan and a descendant of that figure of Highland romance, Cluny Macpherson.

> Perthshire topics include the engagement of the Duchess of Atholl's thirty-one-year-old nephew, Neis Ramsay, elder son of Sir Douglas Ramsay of Bamff, to Edith Rosshayes of Johannesburg. The Ramsays of Bamff are an ancient Scottish family, Neis de Ramsay having made his name as Alexander II's doctor in 1232. The unusual Christian name persists through the centuries but has never been held by a baronet of that ilk.

> Recent gatherings now becoming very sparse, include the sherry party given by V.A.D.s Enid Stourton and "Tina" Roberts at their "hospital," Reswallie House, Angus, and Bill Urmiston's wedding to Esmée Hutcheson in the old grey church by the River Teith, at Doune—a far cry from Texas where they hope to ranch after the war. In spite of petrol

limitations the clans massed at Leny, earlier in the month, when Cecilia Murray-Buchanan, eldest of the laird's three girls (there is no son) was married to Captain Francis Clarke, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who is the young laird of Ulva. Leny must be almost unique. It has only passed by inheritance, never by conquest or sale, for 900 years. Many motorists will recall its situation at the mouth of that sinister defile which leads from Callander into the Highlands.

Keepers prophesy grouse will be plentifut, which is good news in view of rationing, though the shortage of guns is bound to be acute. Even in Argyllshire prospects are good. The absence of summer tourists has already come hard on shops and hotels, but the natives are enjoying the splendid isolation, realizing it must soon be shattered by refugees, or worse.

At Poltalloch the laird has taken to preaching. He fills every seat in the Episcopal Church on Sunday evenings. The service begins with the

six o'clock news and ends with Sir Ian Malcolm's eagerly awaited sermon. One of his neighbours calls it courageous and enterprising; his is the only really full church except the R.C. churches

Letter from an A.A. Battery

"Somewhere in the South of England. Heather Thatcher, who was running the canteen here. is going back to Hollywood shortly. She has presented the battery with pocket field mirrors, suitably inscribed! David Tree has got leave to play in the Major Barbara film, which is being shot somewhere in Devonshire. The cast includes Donald Calthrop, Miles Malleson, Sybil Thorndike, Emlyn Williams, Ronald Squire, Margaret Rutherford (remember her Prism?), O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd and Penelope Dudley-Ward. But we are not without talent here! James Pope-Hennessy is medical orderly at 'one of our war sites.' His mother, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, has just written another book. Kenneth Carten, brother of Audrey and Waveney, and the poet Christopher Hassell, are shortly due, disguised as gunners. Harold Nicolson's son, "Ben," is a bombardier, and I hear the Swedish Ambassador is taking Long

Barn from his parents who live in a lovely old castle restored by themselves at Sissinghurst. The Lindberghs had Long Barn at one time. Must fly."

The London Round

The Duke of Kent looked into Christie's one morning, wandering round alone, and later took the duchess to lunch at the Dorchester. Her beautiful R.H. has also had dinner at the Savoy where the Duchess of Westminster, back from Paris, and the Taubers chose the same night.

Almina, Lady Carnarvon (who moved her nursing home to Hove just before the war), Sir Roderick "Reuters" Jones, and his novelist wife, Sir Max Bonn, and the Mistress of the Robes were recent personalities among the poker-faces in the Grill. Captain Margesson affects Claridge's, usually with the (Adrian) Baillies, and the young bloods follow each other to Le Suivi where Lords Milton, Errington and Portarlington (ever-young in heart) hit the same night as Mrs. Robin Wilson and "Frankie" More-O'Ferrall.

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" SAFARI"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Madeleine Carroll are the stars of this African jungle drama which has its premiere at the Plaza on May 31. The story is the not altogether new one of the girl taken on a hunting trip by a wealthy and somewhat unpleasant man (in this case Tullio Carminati) who falls in love with the handsome backwoodsman who guides the party through the jungle. In Safari a topical note is added by the ultimate departure of hero and heroine to join in the war

ON THE SCREENS

Four New Films In London



"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

Scheduled to come to the Odeon, Leicester Square, on June 3 Little Old New York stars Alice Faye, Henry Stephenson, Brenda Joyce and Richard Greene in a story of the New York waterfront in the days of Robert Fulton, steamboat pioneer. Richard Greene has the part of Fulton, and the Bull's Head Tavern, where Alice Faye holds court as Pat the barmaid, is the headquarters from which he sets out to overcome opposition to his new-fangled idea of navigation without sails



"A WINDOW IN LONDON"

Paul Lukas, Sally Gray and Michael Redgrave in a scene from the British film which came to the London Pavilion on May 27. Redgrave has the part of a crane driver while Sally Gray is his wife who holds down a job as a night telephone operator, a combination leading to a slightly interrupted married life. Paul Lukas is a music-hall conjurer who appears to be murdering his wife, when he is in fact only rehearsing



"THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER"

Gone With The Wind had on Friday of last week, to give up one of its three London homes, the little Ritz Cinema, to a less grandiose film with which that brilliant comedy director, Ernst Lubitsch, hopes to repeat the success he had with Ninotchka. James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan are the stars of The Shop Around The Corner, which is adapted from a successful play about Budapest by Nikolaus Laszlo

THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

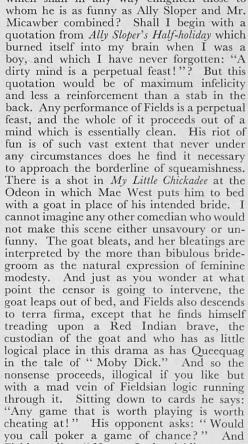
SOMETIMES think that the wise critic of any of the arts should begin every article with the Latin tag: "De gustibus non est disputandum." Nowhere does this apply more forcibly than to comedians, and particularly to low comedians. The first point to be made about low comedians is the impossibility of proving that they are funny. All that you can do is to state the fact that they make you laugh, either ordinately or inordinately, and leave it at that. I remember settling down to read one of the late A. B. Walkley's Wednesday articles. The subject was Grock, and the article began: "There must be a philosophy of clowns." And at once I knew that the famous critic was, in common parlance, sunk! For, of course, there mustn't be anything of the sort. In his attempt to prove the comicality of the great clown Walkley quoted Croce, Victor Hugo, Thomas Love Peacock, Jean Paul Richter, Aristotle, Dieterich,

A Great Comedian

And yet, you know, I doubt whether these fireworks illuminate anything more than the bare statement that Grock, whose personal appearance all readers know, used to come on to the stage carrying a very large bag containing the smallest possible fiddle. I remember a marvellous passage in which Jean Lorrain writing in the year 1900 describes the appearance of Little Tich at the London Olympia. Here again a magnificent writer finds it necessary for his parallels to draw upon Dickens, Constantin Guys, Daumier, and Goya. But the fact remains that a wonderful piece of descriptive reporting tells us little more than that Little Tich as a Spanish danseuse with a camellia behind his ear was very, very funny. In saying this I feel that I am in a way betray-

woman of the same repertory, also of bibulous aspect, also half-knowing and half-crazy, a scold, farcical with relics of vanity, ugly as a gargoyle. Nothing could be staler than the subjects, nothing more fresh or fuller of gusto than their treatment. What he sang was nothing; you might have left it out without much lessening the fun. . . . You may call his topics stale or trivial, the mere words insignificant, the humour metallic, rasping, or worse, but the art, within its limits, is unsurpassable in its brilliant elliptical terseness, the volumes it says in an instant, its suddenness, fire, and zest.'

What, then, am I to say about W. C. Fields which shall in any way enlighten those to whom he is as funny as Ally Sloper and Mr. Micawber combined? Shall I begin with a burned itself into my brain when I was a boy, and which I have never forgotten: ' back. Any performance of Fields is a perpetual cheating at!" His opponent asks: "Would you call poker a game of chance?" And Fields replies: "Not as I play it!"



I have recently been privileged to read a new book by Fields published in America but not here. It is called "Fields for President" and the author's logicality is well conveyed in his advice to business men which, being translated into English, runs as follows:-

(1) Find out how much they've got.

(2) Get it.

(3) Get out. In the film is also Miss West who continues the mixture as before. In my opinion Fields completely overplays her, stealing every foot of the film down to the last word: "If you're ever in the Grampians, come up and see me!" And Miss West can only nod assent. In this film Mae has definitely gone West.

Sonja Henie's next picture, Everything Happens At Night, comes to the Regal in London on June 7, and if we may judge by the advance information it gives us the little ice queen in the thrills of a political man-hunt; two rival suitors mixed up in it and two newspaper men out for a story involving a series of sensational articles on the situation in Europe.



"GEORGE AND MARGARET" FILMED

Another great stage success which has been snapped up by the screen is Gerald Savory's comedy, George and Margaret, which came on at the Warner Theatre last week. In this group are Marie Löhr, John Boxer, Noel Howlett, Judy Kelly and Arthur Macrae, and the cast also includes Oliver Wakefield and Ann Casson, George and Margaret themselves are, as in the play, kept out of sight

and Sainte-Beuve. Amid the display of erudition occurs this passage. Walkley is talking about the type of clown to which Grock belongs, and he says: "It is genial and macabre, owlishly stupid and Macchiavellianly astute, platypode and featherlight, cacophonous and divinely musical. Grock's first act is a practical antithesis. A strange creature with a very high and very bald cranium (you think of what Fitzgerald said of James Spedding's: 'No wonder no hair can grow at such an altitude!') and in very baggy breeches waddles in with an enormous portmanteau—which proves to contain a fiddle no larger than your hand. The creature looks more simian than human, but is graciously affable—another Sir Oran Haut-ton, in fact, with fiddle substituted for Sir Oran's flute and French horn."

ing my craft. It may be that the dramatic critics are unable to add to what I should like to call the verisimilitude of great clowns or great comedians during their lifetime, and the lifetime of those who remember them. We, living today, know all about Mr. Robey and no quotations from Brunetière, Novalis, and Leopardi is going to add to our understanding of his quiddity. But a generation is being born which conceivably will never have seen Mr. Robey. For them it is well that a C. E. Montague could write: "Last night he came on the stage first as that veteran theme of the halls, the middle-aged toper in black, frock-coated, tieless and collarlesss leering with imbecile knowingness, Stiggins, and Bardolph and Ally Sloper in one, his face 'all bubukles and whelks and flames of fire.' He ended as the equally familiar old

MR. AND MRS. EUSTACE MAXWELL

The bridegroom is a subaltern in a very renowned Highland regiment and the bride, Vivien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bellville, so well known in happier times in The Shires—reference Woodland Pytchley, of which Mr. Bellville is an ex-Master

RECENT WEDDING BELLS

A FAIR PEAL OF THEM



A PERTHSHIRE WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Molteno after the ceremony at West Church, Fortingal, Aberfeldy. The bride is the daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Robert and Lady Pigot of Glen Lyon, Perthshire



Mr. and Mrs. David Patrick Hastings

Who were married at Beaulieu Abbey last week. The bridegroom is the younger son of Sir Patrick Hastings the famous K.C. and playwright, and of Lady Hastings, and the bride the daughter of Commander and Mrs. E. C. Wrey, of Boarman's, Beaulieu



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DENBIGH

A snapshot taken as they were leaving the Lady Chapel, Westminster Cathedral, after their wedding on the 17th. Lord Denbigh is in the Coldstreams and succeeded to the title this year. Lady Denbigh, who was Mrs. Verena Fielding-Johnson, of Pailton House, Rugby, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Paget Fielding-Johnson, wore a dress of deep lavender-blue, trimmed with gold. She was accompanied by her father, Mr. W. E. Price



AT THE PEMBERTON-PIGOTT - TALLENTS
WEDDING

The long Byzantine tunics of the three grown-up bridesmaids were a novel and beautiful feature. Miss Persis, Miss Imogen Tallents and Miss Ann Baker at back. Veronica Tallents and John Money-Kyrle in front



Mr. and Mrs. Alan Pemberton-Pigott

The bride is the younger daughter of Sir Stephen and Lady Tallents. Mrs. Pemberton-Pigott wore her mother's wedding dress of cloth of gold copied from a Byzantine mosaic in Ravenna and the bridesmaids' dresses (see flanking picture) were carried out in the same most attractive period scheme

RACING RAGOUT BY "REGULAR"

Y permitting the resumption of racing during the gravest crisis in the history of Our nation, the Government has evinced its appreciation of the importance of the racing and breeding industries. The powers that be are determined not to interfere with businesses which can be carried on without encroaching on the requirements of the great war machine. At such a time it is only fit and proper that decisions regarding future meetings should be arrived at on a more or less day to day basis, for he would be a bold man who would attempt to predict what will happen a week hence. Events of a nightmare character have taken place in the space of a few days, and invasion, which we have hitherto regarded as something unpleasant which can happen to other people but could never happen to us, has become something more than a possibility.



Pocla, Dublin

GOING RACING IN IRELAND

Sir Joseph and Lady Robinson at the recent meeting at Baldoyle. Sir Joseph is the son of the first baronet, the famous diamond "pioneer" who was reputed to be a millionaire. The present baronet is the Member for Wynberg in the Parliament of the Union of South Africa and is said to be buying racehorses in Ireland, the right spot to find them!

The rapidity with which the war, from being the object of rather boring jokes, has been transformed into a raging inferno, threatening to envelop us all, has caused us to scrap all preconceived views on what we should or should not do. For instance, a few weeks ago, in this column, I was lamenting on the limited transport facilities provided for race-goers. Now I would begrudge so much as one lump of coal expended in the transport of racehorse or racegoers, for it is obviously of far more importance that one soldier, sailor, air force man, or someone connected with winning the war, reaches his destination on time than that fifty horses and five hundred racegoers reach Newmarket, or wherever the race meeting may be, in time for the first race.

Another preconceived idea of the importance of racing which has had to be scrapped,

is that it is valuable because it takes one's mind off the war. Only those who are enjoying a few hours respite from actual conflict with the enemy, have any right to forget the war these days. When, on the all too-frequent occasions in peace time I have had more on a horse than I could afford to lose, I have forgotten all else in my anxiety, but today, even if Mrs. Vernet laid me the odds to a million, which she's unlikely to do, I still couldn't forget that the enemy is within range of Paris and drawing ever nearer to the Channel ports. The convenience of bookmakers, backers and all members of the general public doesn't matter two hoots these days, race-course companies must expect greatly reduced crowds. The Government are permitting racing so as not to cripple a thriving industry. They are not concerned with race-course companies' dividends, backers backing winners and bookmakers laying losers. Large crowds are by no means essential to racing, as the owners have always subscribed most of the stakes themselves. Have you ever bothered to delve into the conditions governing some of our big races, and discovered what percentage of the stakes is subscribed by the owners? Do you know that the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, usually worth about £8,000 to the winner, only costs the executive £1,500, and do you know that there are races at Newmarket for which the executive doesn't have to put up a penny, and that the only recompense owners receive is the doubtful privilege of racing for their own money?



PONY RACING PATRONS

Major A. H. Maxwell, Pilot Officer John Hobhouse and the Hon. Mrs. R. Taylor at that very well-appointed course, Northolt, one fine day recently

Except he be a gambler, in which case the odds are he'll die broke, though he may have profitable years, an owner must inevitably lose money, in other words he's putting money into the game all the time. He naturally derives a great deal of pleasure from seeing his horses run but that is his sole reward. Trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, and even racing

journalists get their living out of the game, and if one drops out there's always a dozen willing, if not competent, to take his place. Owners, on the other hand, are irreplaceable, and it is the realization of this that has caused the Government to permit racing to carry on. Had racing ceased altogether the horses now in training would have been almost valueless, while the next generation of foals and yearlings still at the various studs would have been completely so.

It was claimed by some people purporting to be in the know, that in King of Trumps M. Volterra owned another Bois Roussel. This fact, however, was not suggested in the market price on the race for the Newmarket Stakes, and the race itself showed that he has no pretensions to win the Derby. The race needs little description and it suffices to say that Lighthouse II fully rehabilitated himself after his failure in the Guineas, with a smashing victory, and Walter Earl, Dick Perryman and all the rest of us are scratching our heads to find an explanation for his lamentable display in the first of the classics. His victory last week was fully in accord with everything he has done on the Heath, for neither before nor after his Guineas failure, did he ever do a bad gallop. One can only fall back on the old adage that horses are not machines, but it was noticed that in the paddock before the Guineas, Lighthouse was rather upset and sweating freely, while before the Stakes he was as cool as a cucumber. Modern science has invented all sorts of horrible devices, but no method has yet been discovered of finding out what is going on inside a horse's head, which reminds me that Lighthouse has one of the most intelligent heads of any horse in training. Obviously for some reason or other, he didn't feel himself on Guineas day, but unfortunately he couldn't tell us about it. I now think that Lighthouse will win Lord Derby his third Derby, especially as it appears long odds against Djebel being able to get here unless M. Boussac drops him in a parachute.

An absurdly short price was taken about Fred Darling's Pont L'Evêque, and he made the running as far as the Dip when Dick Perryman gave Lighthouse his head and he "blinded" him up the hill going further away with every stride to win by five lengths. Before the race Gordon told me he was in a quandary as to what he should ride in the Derby. Pont L'Evêque's defeat has made things easier for him, for although Fred Darling had left something to work on, it doesn't seem humanly possible for him to turn the tables on Lord Derby's colt, unless, of course, the latter has one of his off days, and I shall expect Gordon to ride Pâques, whose defeat of the supposed certainty, Pharatis, at Newbury is still fresh in our minds. The latter is in the same ownership as Djebel, but is trained by Steve Donoghue, so even if fate in the shape of Hitler decided cruelly against Djebel, M. Boussac would have a worthy substitute. Pharatis ran "green," as so many horses do when making their début, and that race should have done him a power of good. In the absence of Djebel, though we all devoutly hope that by Derby day the Germans will be pushed far back, and that no obstacles will stand in the way of him making the journey, I think Lighthouse will win the Derby and that Pâques and Pharatis will be his two most dangerous rivals.

Q. G.



OWNER AND "JOCKEY" AT NAAS

The Hon. Mrs. Tristram Massy, of Leixlip Castle, and Mr. T. Moloney, owner and rider of "National Lad," who won the Naas Hunters' 'Chase, in which the grief was prodigious, only five out of sixteen horses standing up and one of them being a fatal casualty



Also at Naas: Mrs. H. M. Carpenter and Mrs. Eric Miller

Two more of the lucky people who were at the May 'chasing meeting in Co. Kildare.

Mrs. Carpenter is well known in society on our side of the Irish Sea and Mrs. Miller, wife of the "Rubber King" (chairman of Harrisons and Crosfields)

THE TATLER
No. 2031, MAY 29, 1940

RACING
AND
POLO IN
PEACEFUL
EIRE



AT THE OPENING OF THE DUBLIN POLO SEASON IN PHOENIX PARK Mr. Wilfred Fitz Gerald, president of the All-Ireland Polo Club, the G.O.M. of Irish polo, and Mrs. Fitz Gerald (the former Lady Weldon) watching the opening match of the season



THE COLLINSTOWN TEAM—ITS VICTIMS BELOW

Collinstown opened their account of the 1940 polo season by downing Simmonscourt 2 to 1 in a bright little game in the Phœnix. The names (l. to r.) are: Major Tommy Kirkwood (Hon. Sec., All-Ireland Polo Club), and former International, Mr. J. A. Leonard, Mr. R. H. Usher, and Mr. W. McGee



Poole, Dublin

THE SIMMONSCOURT TEAM (DUBLIN)

The names (l. to r.) are: Mr. Jack McCann, Mr. D. W. Phibbs, Mr. J. Martin, and Mr. P. McCann, son of Mr. Jack McCann, who were defeated but not disgraced in the first match of the season at that pleasant spot, the All-Ireland Polo Club, in Phoenix Park. It is said that the A.I.P.C. would like it to be known that anyone home on leave can get a game in Dublin if so disposed. There will be no chance at all of any polo in London or elsewhere in England this season, owing to circumstances which do not need mentioning

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

Everyday Life in Nazi Germany.

R EALLY, I am getting rather bored by the opinion of posterity! Perhaps we have been somewhat surfeited by moral indignation against German atrocities which, we are persuaded,

Wartime Portrait of Owen Nares
Captain Edward Seago, R.E., who has recently
been home on leave, was able to paint this
portrait before returning "overseas." Owen
Nares is making a great success of the difficult
part of Maxim de Winter in Rebecca at the
Queen's Theatre, with Celia Johnson giving
a sensitive and moving performance

are as good as military triumphs. They aren't. Posterity may—and if it be van-quished, certainly will—condemn Germany wholesale. But little the Germans are likely to care—at the moment. Or very much later on, if the truth must be told. The condemnation of posterity is rather like someone living in Sussex learning that many people living in the Orkneys utterly loathed the moral attitude of his grandfather. It doesn't disturb the even tenor of his life by a feather-blow. So, to cry that history will bitterly condemn the Hitler régime does not, I am sure, give one instant's pause to the gangsters of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Why should it? Villainy is doing quite nicely, thank you, at the moment. But what villainy really wants, to bring about a change of heart, is intensified contravillainy, since, like the school bully and the criminal, it cares naught for the distant accusing finger, but a very great deal if it is knocked down and kept down by force: exterminated brutally, if necessary.

I suppose, as a nation which is somewhat too self-consciously moral, the verdict of posterity may play a big part in our inner satisfaction. Alas, it cuts no ice when the totally unmoral enemy is at our gates. And I, for one, am quite content to let the verdict of posterity take care of itself, so long as I can beat down the brutish forces by fair means—or foul. Therefore I am far more elated when a German transport

is sunk than when I read how, without the least shadow of doubt, history will justify morally the action. War is a beastly thing, a mental and spiritual insult to mankind, but if it has to be—as in the present case it was inevitable if civilisation is to justify

itself and expand—then let us stick at no hypersensitive humanitarian nonsense, but go forward to end the beastliness as quickly as possible, and with no compunction as to means. The standpoint of posterity's verdict may be a highly moral one, but a greater blow for blow wins victory and saves lives—victory without which morality cannot issue from its wartime anæsthesia.

And the kind of utter evil the world is up against is described in "Still Stands My House" (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), by Stefan Wendt, well translated by Trevor and Phyllis Blewitt. This is not a novel of Nazi philosophy, but rather the story of how, in the earlier days of it reaching power, it affected the lives of those middle-aged Germans who still retained in their minds and souls vestiges of a former freedom and individuality. The background of it belongs to the first days, when the persecution



COMMANDER C. R. BENSTEAD, HOME ON LEAVE The Commander is seen here with his son and daughter, John and Mary. His new book, "The Weather Eye," has just been published by Robert Hale, Ltd., and is described by the author as being an irreverent discourse on meteorological lore, ancient and modern. He fought as a soldier in the last war and was awarded the Military Cross and mentioned in despatches. "Retreat," his brilliant and much-discussed military novel of 1918, leads us to hope that a naval counterpart may follow this war

By RICHARD KING

of all Jews began to make itself felt drastically. We are introduced to the family of a big industrialist, all the older members of which belong to the pre-Nazi era. It is a united family, intensely patriotic, desiring only peace within and without the country.

Alas, one of the daughters is married to a scientist whose expert knowledge and research is essential to the successful carrying-on of the business. He is an earnest, quiet man; a good husband and a good citizen; but he is a Jew. The struggle begins when the Nazis seek, by means of blackmail, terrorism, and public persecution, to dislodge this man from his post: if not so-called legally, then by The fight eventually becomes one murder. between the honour and decency of the older Germany and the gangster methods of the Hitler mentality. We see how the young, the neurotic, the conceited, the cowards are all driven into the Nazi fold and soon begin to glory in their new power and prosperity. How the upstarts and the careerists in all walks of life seize upon the opportunity to advance their own prestige. How everyday life becomes at last one of secret terror, mental persecution, with furtive murder as one of its secret weapons.

It is a horrible picture, but Stefan Wendt has cleverly kept the balance between sincerity and melodrama. They are not the actual happenings which are horrible, so much as the suggested undercurrent of evil and terrorism which acts like a poison

within the blood - stream of simple, homely, everyday life. I have rarely read a novel of modern Germany which so convincingly portrayed, without ever being theatrical, the morally nauseating quality of Nazi-ism as it affected, in the early days of its power, the older dignity and decency of German men and women. A triumph amounting to genius; a triumph which proved how all the baser, more petty, more ignorant and sadistic instincts of mankind — instincts which culture and civilisation try so hard to eradicate—can be used for the furtherance of powerful ends, through a complete psychological understanding of a large majority of human material.

Maugham's New Stories.

ONE comes to the end of the new collection of Mr. Somerset Maugham's short stories—"The Mixture as Before" (Heinemann; 8s.) — with a feeling of sadness, because, in the Foreword, one has read: "I have now written between eighty and ninety stories. I shall not write any more." Mr. Maugham said the same thing concerning his plays, and—alas!—he has kept his word. Thus, if these short stories are the last we shall read from his pen, I, for one, am inexpressibly sorry.

As a rule, I do not read short

As a rule, I do not read short stories. I find it boring to begin all over again, with a new lot of characters and circumstances

(Continued on page 334)

SIR RONALD STORRS AT HOME, STANDING BENEATH HIS FATHER'S PORTRAIT

Sir Ronald Storrs, K.C.M.G. C.B.E., is considered the greatest living expert on the Near East, and it is believed that should the war spread to that area, he would have an important part to play. He was educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke College, Cambridge, at both of which he won Classical Scholarships. In 1904 he entered the Egyptian Government's Ministry of Finance, and a few years later was appointed Oriental Secretary to the British Agency in Egypt. He was much admired by T. E. Lawrence, who, in his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," wrote of his brilliance and love of all that is beautiful. Sir Ronald Storrs was Governor of Cyprus from 1926 to 1932 a rather turbulent period. These photographs show him at his home in London, where he is working on "The Quarterly Record of the War," the second volume of which is due to be published soon

SIR RONALD STORRS HISTORIAN OF THE WAR AT WORK



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

every few pages. Mr. Maugham's short stories, however, have always been something different. Usually they contained the detailed study of some human queerness, and-for me-the queerness of humanity is the most psychologically interesting part Moreover, one always had the about it! sensation, though it may only have been due to the writer's talent, that each study of a strange character or a strange life was founded on a fact. The impression is the same in this new collection. Each story is a good one, but certain ones, of course, leave a deeper impression behind them.

For myself, memory lingers longer over the story entitled "The Lotus Eater." It is the tale of a man, manager of a bank, who retired early, and invested his gratuity, his savings, and the money he received for the sale of his house in a twenty-five-year annuity. This would give him financial and personal freedom until he was sixty; when, he decided, most men not being of much use after that, he would end it all deliberately. In the meanwhile he would live quietly on Capri, enjoy the sunshine and the freedom, and die at the age of sixty amid all the beauty which was more to him than anything else in the worldwomen, friends, children, ambition.

Thus he lived happily, conscientiously paying his way, and never living beyond his means in any direction. Time passed, alas, and he reached the age of sixty, when his annuity came to an end. Most tragic of

all, however, was the fact that, in becoming elderly, his courage had weakened. Suicide which looked a comparatively simple matter at forty, had become a horror when the appointed hour struck. So he lived on, gradually falling more and more into debt, until at last he became a kind of frightened fugitive on the island he loved so well. He was found dead at last, lying on the mountain-side as though he had died in his sleep. "From where he lay he had been able to see those two great rocks called the Faraglioni, which stand

out of the sea. It was full moon, and he must have gone to see them by moonlight. Perhaps he died of the beauty of that sight."

Another haunting one tells the tale of a man of poor origin, who all his youth had worked for rich men, and who had so imbued himself with the ideal of a gentleman that he became the embodiment of that ideal, to a greater extent than the gentlemen on whom he modelled himself. The Great War turned him into a captain, and when the war was over he married a rich American woman and lived on the Riviera, wherewhich was foolish of him, perhaps—he became so perfectly the English aristocrat that it tempted an English gentleman, who had lived all his life ignoring that ideal, to burst his little bubble of pure pose. Nevertheless, when the ordeal came, the false aristocrat lived heroically up to his cultivated standards. He died bravely,

saving his wife's dog.

In lighter vein, I thoroughly enjoyed the story of the "Three Fat Women of Antibes," whose close friendship—founded on a strict diet and cemented by bridgevery nearly came to an end when a fourth friend joined their party who could eat anything and still keep slim; who gorged cream-buns under their very eyesthey, the three fat women, who every morning watched their scales as earnestly as a murderer on trial watches the judge

and jury. But all the stories are good, and though in his Foreword Mr. Maugham seems to apologise for the "mixture being as before," in reality it isn't. Much of it is quite as good, some of it not quite so good perhaps; but because each story deals with the study of a queer human character, there is nothing of sameness



Mrs. A. J. Munnings with Some of Her Famous Husband's Sitters The chestnut-trees form a most charming frame for the pleasant and peaceful picture. Mr. and Mrs. Munnings' abode is Castle House, Dedham, Essex. The Munnings picture exhibited at Hertford House with which the other group in this page is concerned is "Their Majesties Return from Ascot, 1938," which was purchased by the Chantrey Bequest

Thoughts from "The Mixture as Before."

NOW it is a funny thing about life, if you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it: if you utterly decline to make do with what you can get, then somehow or other you are very likely to get what you want."
"Work? They work for work's sake.

They haven't got the brains to realise that the only object of work is to obtain leisure.'

"Very few people know where to look for happiness; fewer still find it."
"I think on the whole we all get what

we deserve. But that doesn't prevent its being rather horrible."

A Great Soldier and Statesman.

THE recent revolting attack on peaceful, prosperous, civilised little Finland by Russia has somewhat faded in memory amid the turmoil of later European events, but when all the holocaust is over, this glorious chapter in human history, which was Finland's defence against her powerful neighbour, will emerge again in its pristine colours. In the meanwhile, here is a little book which tells from personal knowledge the life-story of Finland's great statesman, soldier, and national hero. Colonel Paul Rodzianko's book, "Mannerheim" (Jarrolds; 9s. 6d.), is truly fascinating. He and Field-Marshal Mannerheim were brother-officers in the days when both-and how ironical it now appears !- served in the Russian Army. They have been almost lifelong friends, and so in this biography



A MUNNINGS PICTURE AT A RECENT NOTABLE ART EXHIBITION

Lady Lloyd, wife of the new Secretary of State for the Colonies, at Hertford House with Lord Tyrrell, who opened this exhibition, and Sir Lionel Faudel-Phillips looking at one of Mr. A. J. Munnings' works, he being one of the six con-temporary British artists whose work had been selected for exhibition at the twenty-second Biennale di Venezia

we consequently find a character-sketch of charming intimacy. Mannerheim's life has been a strange one indeed. He began his military career in the Chevalier Guards, the crack cavalry regiment of Imperial Russia. During the Great War he fought against Germany in Poland. Then came the Russian Revolution, and the realisation by Mannerheim that he was first and foremost a Finn. and that his duty now lay with his own country.

The triumph of freedom from Russian thraldom is now a glorious page in history, but how subsequently Finland escaped from German "protection" is a chapter of great statesmanship and courageous foresight. Then, after over twenty years, when Finland had become one of the most highly educated and civilised countries in Europe, came the second Russian invasion, the baseness of which still reverberates throughout the world. And the centre of all this struggle for freedom against tyranny was Mannerheim. This biography is a vivid story of his exciting life, as well as a memorable character-study of one of the world's Great Men.





THE OXFORD XI.
This side beat the antiaircraft team on Merton
College ground by 283
runs for 9 (dec.) to 138

runs for 9 (dec.) to 138
Names: (l. to r., standing)
N. T. A. Fiennes (Eton and
New College), P. Kinnersley
(Clifton and Trinity), R. A.
Henley (Winchester and
Trinity), A. J. Wilson (Winchester and New College),
S. A. Simpson (Loretto and
Univ.), H. S. Singleton
(Shrewsbury and B.N.C.);
(seated) H. C. Munro (Rugby
and Trinity), D. H. LloydMorgan (Tonbridge and
Corpus), R. E. Luyt (Diocesan
College, S.A., and Trinity;
captain), E. K. Scott (Clifton
and Lincoln), F. P. D. Derrick
(Sutton Valence and Oriel)

SPORT GOES
ON AT
THE 'VARSITIES



'VARSITY TENNIS RIVALS

Cambridge beat Oxford in the University lawn tennis match held at Fenner's, Cambridge, on May 18 by 11 matches to 4, losing only one single and three doubles

on May 18 by 11 matches to 4, losing only one single and three doubles

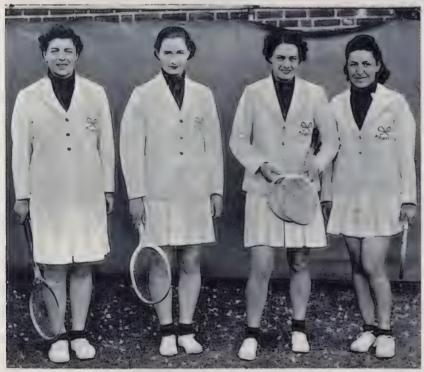
Above are the teams: (l. to r., standing) R. W. Baker (Hobart, Tasmania, and Lincoln), F. J. Wheeler

(Stowe and Trinity, Cambridge), C. L. Nairac (Mauritius and Balliol, Oxford), J. Michelmore (Charterhouse
and Magdalene, Cambridge), L. M. Minford (Shrewsbury and Balliol, Oxford), H. A. Clark (Taunton and
Pembroke, Cambridge), B. L. S. Franklin (Orange Free State and Brasenose, Oxford), D. C. Argyle (Marlborough and St. John's, Cambridge), N. Singh (Colvin College, India, and Balliol, Oxford); (sitting) N. Kitowitz (Fisher Institute, Montreux, and Pembroke, Oxford), J. M. Kantawala (Ceylon and Queens, Cambridge),
J. R. Briggs (Charterhouse and New College; Oxford captain), G. H. Colman (Geelong, Australia, and Clare;
Cambridge captain), G. H. Lawton (Melbourne and St. Catherine's, Oxford), J. B. Griffith (Shrewsbury and
Clare, Cambridge)

An Army XI.

Oxford were too much for an Army side composed of members of neighbouring anti-aircraft batteries which visited the Merton ground Names: (l. to r., standing) Bdr. R. Kirk, Bdr. A. P. Fletcher, L./Bdr. J. A. Card, L./Bdr. B. Ferriman, Gunner A. Walton, Gunner H. E. Dollery, Umpire Saunders; (seated) Gunner J. Levison, and Lieut. Bruce Carlisle (an ex-President of the Bullingdon), Captain R. B. Cole (captain), Gunner N. Bowell and Gunner A. Hodges

Although Oxford and Cambridge have been considerably affected by the call to the Colours and many alterations have had to be made in their sporting teams and programmes, including the suspension of the award of Blues, Fenner's and The Parks and the college grounds are by no means being left untenanted for the duration



WOMEN'S TENNIS-THE OXFORD TEAM

Nomen's colleges have also met in an inter-'Varsity match, the venue being New College ground, Oxford. The home team, which was victorious by nine matches to seven, consisted (for the singles, played on the first day) of Miss C. Joseph (St. Paul's G.S. and St. Hugh's), Miss M. Harvey (Wycombe Abbey and Somerville), Miss I. Wright (New Zealand University and L.M.H.; captain), and Miss S. Valero (English College, Jerusalem, and St. Hilda's)



CAMBRIDGE WOMEN SINGLES PLAYERS

Visitors to Oxford for two days of tennis were a team from Newnham and Girton, who came away losers by the narrow margin of two matches in sixteen. The Cambridge team for the singles, three of whom are Old Blues, are Miss S. Griffith (Godolphin and Newnham), Miss R. Granlund (Sherborne and Newnham), Miss G. Paxton (Roedean and Girton), and Miss J. Boyes-Watson (Malvern G.S. and Newnham)

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HALL BARN: SOUTH FRONT, SHOWING THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE DESIGNED BY LE NOTRE
AND THE YEW HEDGES, AMONGST THE HIGHEST IN ENGLAND



Working-Party in Front of the Temple: (L. to r.)
Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson, Mrs. Lowes, the Hon.
Mrs. Lawson, Mlle. Livet, Miss Lawson and Some
of the Children

COUNTRY HOUSES IN WARTIME

No. 1: HALL BARN, BEACONSFIELD— A BUSY CENTRE OF HOSPITAL SUPPLIES



Mrs. Marvin McCord Lowes and the Hon. Mrs. Lawson



Packing the Supplies: Julia Warrack, Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson (Stock-keeper) and Miss Lucia Lawson

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THE HON. Mrs. LAWSON HARD AT WORK; IN THE BACK-GROUND, Mrs LOWES



PACKING THE PONY CART: MISS LUCIA LAWSON AND MRS. LOWES

One of the many country houses which have been turned into hives of industry for work in the national cause is here displayed with its châtelaine, the Hon. Mrs. E. F. Lawson and some of her devoted helpers, including her daughter, and even some of the small fry who nobly do their best towards the general effort. Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, is one of the loveliest places in all Buckinghamshire, and was originally built for Edmund Waller, the poet, on the site of an earlier house. The grounds were laid out by Le Notre, who planned the Versailles gardens, and contain a grove with long alleys of clipped hedges, with small classical temples at the end, in the charming French eighteenth-century manner. Brigadier Fred Lawson, only son and heir of the present Lord Burnham, had a fine last-war record, having been a Lieutenant-Colonel at twenty-nine; he was awarded the D.S.O. and M.C. and, subsequently, the T.D. for 25 years' service with the Territorial Army. There are over a hundred working-parties in Bucks, and all the ones in the south send their output to Hall Barn to be stored, or sent out to hospitals, etc. The Hon. Mrs. Lawson, who was Enid Scott Robson before her marriage, is president of the Red Cross in Bucks and head of the Central Hospital Supply Service in the county, and 87,000 garments and surgical dressings have been made by her working-parties since August



YOUTHFUL HELPERS: JANE SHIRLEY, JULIA WARRACK AND HUGH DONALDSON-HUDSON



A BEAUTIFUL MIRROR FOR A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE: MISS LUCIA LAWSON

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MAX WALL AND EVELYN DALL

PRESENT ARMS is so insistently bright that if the London theatre survives the next month or two, and if Piccadilly stays anything like itself, this musical comedy may still be there when Christmas chimes ring over a changed world.



"PRESENT ARMS,"

AT THE

PRINCE OF WALES

THEATRE

By ALAN BOTT

It could hardly help being bright, what with the dozen new songs by Mr. Noel Gay, and with Messrs. Watson, Bennett and Gee doing their comic worst. George Gee's comicality is, as always, of the quaint and confidential kind. Wylie Watson, with his shy, sheeplike, bashful manner, is more lugubriously funny than any comedian since Alfred Lester. Billy Bennett, he of the dank forelock and the eternal bowler, delivering the fruity goods in an extra-loud suit of vivid light blue, is horribly bright. Add Evelyn Dall, a pocket blonde with much humour and a talent for wriggling, who brings quicksilver to her microphone; Max Wall as her rubber-jointed partner; Max Bacon, doing the comic Jew as Jews in particular like it to be done; Phyllis Monkman, making a too-late entry but thereafter putting a great deal across; Betty Warren, playing the well-covered comedienne as pleasantly as she used to play the sprightly soubrette—and the result becomes a blaze of simple, honest, vulgar fun.

The tunes and the comedians are the whole works. The rest of this show, even in terms of twice-nightly musical pieces, is particularly arrant balderdash. Because of the tunes and the comics, the balderdash serves as just the thing to take your mind off the evening's posters and the fact that you are missing the nine o'clock news. Or it does in the first half, except at one hilarious moment when a German parachutist, awfully arrayed, descends upon a girl's bed occupied by Messrs. Gee, Bennett, Watson and Bacon. They do think of odd things in musical

comedy

Thereafter, everybody somehow gets to France, for fun at the back of the front. where the French girls appear to wear Dutch dresses. Speaking for myself alone, I never have found it easy to laugh at war while tremendous battles rage. A degree of malaise mingled with my laughter at Sergeant Gee's awkward squad. It dissolved, however, when Private Bennett offered Sergeant Gee a buttered almond; and I should record that the rest of the audience laughed a lot at all the cavortings and jocularities on very active service. They laughed when Mr. Bacon said: "The poor geezers was taken prisoner and are now in a constipation camp." They laughed when Mr. Wall, as the awkward squad's Cuthbert, declared it was all "Wizard—oh, definitely Oz!" They even laughed when Mr. Bennett said: "Ve vant sanctuary—sanctuary very much"; and they laughed louder when he remarked: "Oh, Jerries—difficult to remarked: "Oh, Jerries — difficult to handle." They howled, of course, when the comedians' battle-dress was pinched by spies while they were enjoying life with the Franco-Dutch girls, and they had to rush up the line in their underwear.

Several of the new songs are exceptional, though two of them get as much benefit from Miss Dall as from their melodies. A third, rendered with much vigour by Miss Monkman, concerns a Mademoiselle de France who is cousin to, and only a little



BETTY WARREN AND WYLIE WATSON

less brisk than, that other from Armenteers. A rousing fourth, "We're All Together Now," might well become another "Pack Up Your Troubles" if its lyrics weren't so self-conscious. So it looks as though a fifth, with an inescapable tune and the pedestrian theme of "Dig for Victory," is Mr. Noel Gay's most likely contribution to to-day's repertory for soldiers and para-soldiers.



BILLY BENNETT

ROMEO ON BROADWAY

British Stars Play Shakespeare in New York



JULIET: O now be gone; more light and light it grows
ROMEO: More light and light?—More dark and dark our woes

"O happy dagger, this is thy sheath"

Laurence Olivier, who has made a great name for himself as a Shakespearean actor, alternated with John Gielgud in the parts of Romeo and Mercutio in the New Theatre production of Romeo and Juliet in 1935. Now, at New York's 51st Street Theatre, he is successfully playing Romeo to Vivien Leigh's Juliet, the part in which Peggy Ashcroft gave a momentous performance in London. Another famous English actress is in the cast-Dame May Whitty as the nurse, a part played by Edith Evans at the New. Mr. Olivier and Miss Leigh have also been very busy in Hollywood recently, Olivier playing Maxim de Winter (Owen Nares' part in the stage version now at the Queen's) in Rebecca under Alfred Hitchcock, which film has broken records in New York for popularity, and Miss Leigh in (need one say?) Gone With the Wind and with Robert Taylor in Waterloo Bridge, which is still on the stocks

Willinger, Hollywood



" I have more care to stay than will to go"



NINA DUCHESS OF HAMILTON LEADING THE PARADE OF DOG EVACUEES, FOR WHOM THIS FUNCTION WAS HELD



CAPTAIN P. RIGGALL AND MISS PHŒBE WHITEHEAD,
WINNER AND RUNNER-UP, PYJAMA RACE



JILL MERRICK GOING WELL IN THE CHILDREN'S BAREBACK BENDING RACE



THE BALL-AND-RACKET CONTEST: MISS JILL PARNHAM,
MISS JOAN LYSLEY AND MR. N. S. STEDHAM



A GYMKHANA AT FERNE, DORSET

This gymkhana at Ferne, a part of the Duke of Hamilton's Dorsetshire property and G.H.Q. of the Ferne Polo Club, which was started by Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, was in aid of the Animal Defence Society's Evacuation Scheme for animals, in which the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton is so keenly interested—as, indeed, she is in all animal welfare work. Her Grace gave away the prizes at the close of hostilities and had the pleasure of giving one of them to her grandchild, Anneli, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's little girl, for the best-behaved and perhaps one of the fattest dogs in the show. Competitors, it will be observed, were asked to do the customary and very difficult things. Malcolm Drummond-Hay was, however, about the only casualty, and that not a very serious one, and his tears soon dried

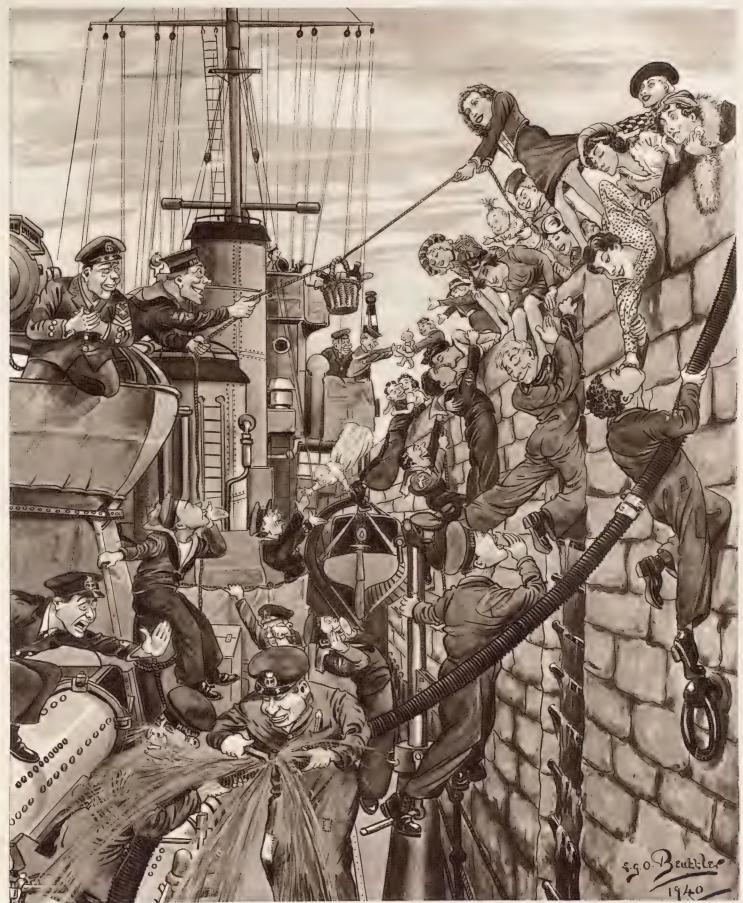
Photos.: Bealing and Son

(LEFT) A CASUALTY, BUT NOT SERIOUS: MALCOLM DRUMMOND-HAY WITH MISS URSULA LEWIS

(RIGHT) LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY DECORATING HER LITTLE DAUGHTER'S WINNING DOG



DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES—No. 2



NO SHORE LEAVE

BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

There's many a true word spoken in jest, and here is an illustration of it. The ship, like so many of her sisters, has no sooner come off escort duty and tied up to the dock wall than she is told off to go out and do another chore with another convoy. Hence this heart-rending scene and the emotional outburst by sweethearts and wives. Many of our destroyers are at sea twenty-eight days in a month, and then come into port for only three or four hours to refuel. The little contretemps in the foreground of the picture has something to do with the refuelling-pipe, and the oil would not go too well with any of the delicacies which are also coming aboard



MR. AND MRS. R. S. HUDSON AND SOME OF THE LITTLE EVACUEES AND ATTENDANT NANNIES

THE NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AT HOME THE RT. HON. R. S. AND MRS. HUDSON

AT MERSHAM-LE-HATCH, KENT



THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND MRS. HUDSON IN THE HALL



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE



FATHER AND SON, OLD ETONIAN AND

Mr. Robert Hudson, former Minister of Shipping again the most peripatetic member of the of the period that he was Secretary for the Department, is regarded by many astute political of the few men in Parliament who stand out as prof Government. His wide knowledge, vigour of thought certainly indicate that, at his present is far from having reached his political climates of he might almost be said to be in his early entered the Diplomatic Service, and became a First Secretary, 1920-23; then decided upon a stood successfully as Conservative candidate in 1924. He held that seat till 1929. Mrs. Ho of Mr. P. S. P. Randolph, of Philadelphia, U.S. son, Robin, now sixteen, is still at Eton, who before him. As to private predilections, sinch yachting amply describe things. Mr. Hudson The Squadron and in happier times a keen fastest ball-game in the work.



USE



UNG ETONIAN

, and before that vernment during ment of Overseas servers as one of sible future heads and independence age of fifty-four, and as politicians yhood! He first attaché in 1911, plitical career and for Whitehaven son is a daughter and their only e his father was oting, polo and is a member of nthusiast at the



MR. ROBERT HUDSON IN HIS STUDY AT MERSHAM

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

RÈS CHER—At a time when political reconstruction—that will be ancient history by the time this reaches you—adds to our anxieties, when fireworks are crackling overhead and the sparks fly downwards, what can a mere weekly letter-writer burble about? The sun still shines upon Paris, the Sunday church-bells are chiming peacefully, the housewives are busy with their marketing,

of relief, so great has been the longing to be up-and-at-'em.

I am not permitted to say how far afield we have been, starting out from Paris, with our U.F.F. Red Cross ambulances that are now "attached" to the 19e Train des équipages, but I may tell you of the absolute calm, the absence of panic, and the obedience shown to the somewhat fussy D.P. (Défense

Passive) precautions by the civil population. The French civilian does not always take kindly to rules an' reg'lations, but there is a good sporting spirit out and about just now that ordains it as being bad form to play the fool.

The cafés and cinémas are doing good business in the daytime, but the theatres are likely to close down. Racing: hawse, dawg, hare, tortoise, or any other quadruped, is decidedly "off." This applies to every sporting event that means the gathering of large crowds. The cricket season of the Standard Athletic Club at Meudon thus gets its chance to carry on despite upheavals, so long as there

are teams to play. French spectators have yet to be coaxed to a better understanding of the niceties of the game, samelike baseball. After the first half-hour, they are still wondering what it's all about.

People who have no business abroad o' nights are politely advised to stay home and rock the baby, *rideaux baissés et portes closes*, as Delmet used to sing; but no complaints are registered.

PARIS doesn't mind being waked out of its beauty sleep. The noise of the sirens is not much worse than the music of certain modern composers, and not nearly so unpleasant as the yowling of those wretched giant harmonium affairs that emerge from the orchestral pits of some of the more palatial Pichure Pallices. No one objects to having the wireless cut short in the middle of a glowing description of the effects of Thingummy's Liver Pills on one's viscera, and dressing by candlelight, having dutifully switched off the gas and electricity meters, is quite a game, but where one feels resentful is when one has to wait, in the morning, for letters and the daily paper.

Not that one must believe "everything one sees in the paper" (I quote from a quite unquotable story). One of the very few grumblers I have come across these days bitterly complained that his daily rag announced that "tension was relaxed in Holland" the very morning on

which the news of the invasion came. That's nothing! In 1914, in Brussels, the *Indépendance Belge* came out with the heading that "all danger of a German advance on Brussels had been definitely stopped" at the very moment when an advance guard of Uhlans entered the city!

THE other day, a performance of Guignel Mobilisé, at the children's Punch-and-Judy Theatre, in the gardens of the Buttes Chaumont, was broadcast by the Radio-diffusion française. There was great excitement amongst the youngsters. Even the tinies seemed quite aware that they also were part of the show—or, rather, hearing! When Wicked Sergeant-Hitler was soundly drubbed by Corporal Guignol, the "mikes" must have been pretty well shattered by the noise they made and their shouts of joy. Later, they were told that the broadcast would be transmitted from all the French stations, and they all began shouting messages to their fathers at the Front. It was a lump-inthe-throatish affair to the onlookers, but the kids enjoyed it.

It is just as well, these days, to buy a little tin hat for one's heart, since it is better not to indulge in too much sensiblerie if one wishes to remain a useful unit of la vie parisienne.

PRISCILLA.



Harcourt

FAN DANCER PLUS

Joan Warner came to Paris from the States a few seasons back and has taken a leading part in awakening that city to the joys of fan-dancing. But that is not all; for Miss Warner is also an accomplished actress and singer. She has lately been starring at the Casino de Paris, and is now preparing to take a company of her own on the road in revue, a hazardous enterprise these days

and parties of young people, complete with plus-fours and shorts, are off on their bikes for their customary day-of-rest excursion into the woods and forests that surround this lovely city. The elder people may show signs of strain, while the youngsters are a little heavy-eyed after the interruption, for several nights running, of their usual eight or nine hours' sleep . . . but it is amazing how little rest one really needs when one's heart is heavy. "Heavy," but in no danger of sinking! No matter what happens, Paris is optimistic with a grim, set belief in the outcome of this terrible postscript to 1918. The news of the invasion of Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg hardly surprised us, and in the midst of the general indignation one feels a "Well, that's that" sentiment



Studio Dorvvne

Poilus' Entertainer

Mme. Germaine Sablon, French radio star and singer, is one of the host of top-flight entertainers who give up all their spare time nowadays to bringing a spot of gaiety into the life of the poilu. It is only necessary to say that Mme. Sablon's voice is every bit as easy to listen to as this extremely charming photograph is to look at

Richard Tauber, seen above surrounded by pictures of his many artist friends, sang at Queen's Hall on May 23 in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund. His programme included works of Schumann, Greig and Mozart, among them a duet from "Il Scraglio," with Joan Hammond, the Australian soprano. He recently became a naturalised British subject and returned here from South Africa, in spite of many offers from America, to enable him to help the numerous war charities of his adopted country, in which his attractive film-actress wife is also actively engaged. He is to make gramophone history by recording "God Save the King," which has never before been done by an internationally known singer

Cecil Beaton

Mrs. Richard Tauber (Diana Napier) With Her Famous Husband

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

THE Hun has said that he now owns the world. All the same, I think I should like to suggest to Public Enemy No. I that it is not an appropriate moment for him to sing that enchanting ballad "Love Me and the World is Mine " ! It would be just as clever as trying to pick the winner of next year's Grand National all this long way before we even know the entries.

WE have been hearing so much about what the German General Staff call the Schlieffen Plan that it has made some of us who are of a curious disposition wonder whether that General was as original in his ideas as he is supposed to have been. For instance, is it or is it not likely that Cetewayo, the Zulu, had ever heard of Von Clausewitz, Frederick the Great, or even of Von Schlieffen?—yet his "plan" was identical. The Zulu impis attack-formation was practically the same in every detail as the one which we are assured is "new." People who are fond of comparative military history might find some diversion in examining the dispositions in three particular campaigns: 1870, 1914, 1939-40. I suggest that they exhibit a striking and most unfortunate similarity in the present crisis.

MUSA KHAN, Mahsud, a fighting breed of which many people in the King's Army have heard a great deal at one time and another, has made a sporting offer to raise 20,000 of his friends to take part in the present conflict. I humbly suggest that the Khan's offer should be immediately accepted and that these two divisions should be shipped as soon as possible from the nearest sally-port, with their own arms and equipment, plus

anything else that they may want. It would also be desirable that they should be commanded by their own Maliks, with a saintly Mullah or two thrown in just to season and lend the entertainment a pleasing odour of sanctity. They would be just the boys for the present operations, either on the Western Front or upon any other front which anyone may think it profitable to open up. I am sure that Musa Khan could guarantee to have his braves on parade inside twenty-four hours, and that they would quite easily stand the perishing train journey down to Karachi. The rest would be nuts to them. Only one thing:



AT THE OPENING OF THE GODFREY PHILLIPS Y.M.C.A. HUT

Lord Roundway (right), formerly C.O., 2nd Battn. Grenadiers, accepted the gift of this hut from Mr. H. S. Littlejohn, who is a Director of Godfrey Phillips, Ltd. With Lord Roundway is Colonel Burnett, who is officer commanding the Devizes garrison, also some of the troops

By "SABRETACHE"

no questions. Give 'em their heads and leave the rest to them. Under ordinary circumstances, no one would suggest throwing the reins at a Mahsud, but these are not ordinary circumstances.

AND Musa Khan's offer compels me to make a small suggestion, and it is this: that instead of arming the Parashooters with service rifles firing service ammunition, it would be more useful if this force were equipped as were, and as still may be, the sentries posted in any region where rifle-thieves may abound. It was discovered long ago that it was far more effective to arm all sentries with any old fusil capable of firing a charge of buckshot. It punches as hard as any bullet at short range, and is more effective in many other ways. I see that some kind gentleman has been giving us advice upon how to catch your parachutist. This is where the methods of Musa Khan or any other expert stalker would come in. It seemed a bit redundant to advise us not to let the parachutist see us first. What stalker would be such an ape?

A correspondent from a far distance writes: "I see that they have picked a new Dalai Lama at last. His coronation or whatever they call it, was a picturesque show by all accounts. know Lĥassa, which I don't, and can appreciate it better. I always admire Mr. Menzies' account, who used to be British Trade Agent at Gyantze for so many years, of the late Dalai Lama's doing a bunk into Darjeeling and how the British soldier-signaller in the telegraph cabin told him and his two followers to 'Baito in the corner' till he had time to attend to him, and so the D. Lama did!' (Continued on page 358)



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S INSPECTION OF HER OWN REGIMENT, THE ROYAL SCOTS

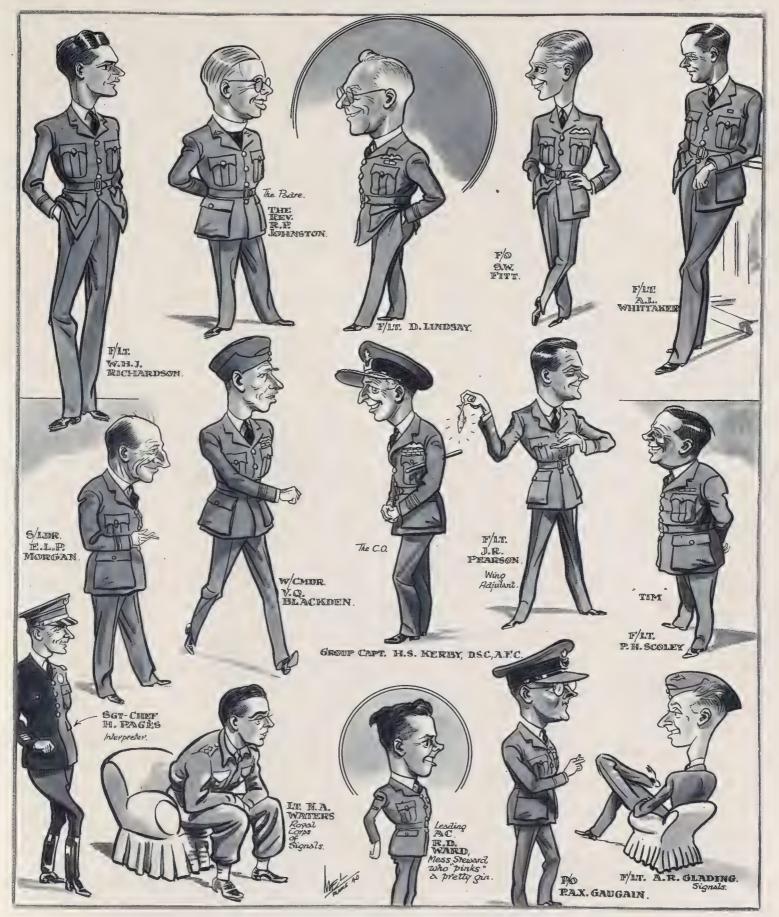
A group taken somewhere in the West Country on the occasion of H.R.H.'s recent inspection of this particular battalion. The Princess Royal

has had to undergo a painful but happily not serious operation. from which it is good news to learn she is now recovering. Major-General G. G. Loch, seated next to H.R.H., is Colonel of the Regiment, of which the Princess is Colonel-in-Chief

The names are: (l. to r., front row) Major J. T. Campbell, Mrs. McIver Ritchie, Major-General Drew, Mrs. Salvesen, Major-General Loch, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Mrs. J. T. Campbell, Brigadier Granger-Stewart, Mrs. Grant-Smith, Major W. McIver Ritchie; (second row) the Rev. Ronald Selby Wright, C.F., Captain John Chiene, Mrs. Dorman, Major Grant-Smith, Mrs. Warrack, 2nd Lieut. David Haddon, Lady-in-Waiting, Captain Walter Scott (Adjutant), Mrs. Crawford, Major William Thomson, Mrs. MacKay, Lieut. Dorman, R.A.M.C.; (third row) 2nd Lieut. Jaineson, Lieut. Wark, Lieut. Blaikie, Lieut. Hemit, Captain Gray-Muir, Captain Warrack, Captain Crawford, Captain Normand, Captain Mitchell, Lieut. Ross, Lieut. Findlay, 2nd Lieut. Coupland; (fourth row) 2nd Lieut. Taylor, 2nd Lieut. McKie, 2nd Lieut. Ninimo-Smith, 2nd Lieut. Scott, 2nd Lieut. Carmichael, 2nd Lieut. Inches, 2nd Lieut. MacKay, 2nd Lieut. Mann, 2nd Lieut. Ewart, 2nd Lieut. MacIntyre

No. 2031, MAY 29, 1940] THE TATLER

"MEL" WITH THE BRITISH AIR FORCES IN FRANCE



No. 2.—AN R.A.F. WING-HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Another little gallery collected by the artist during his recent tour of the fighting front. It is not permitted to give even such detail as may be available, but detail seems hardly necessary when combined performance is so magnificent. For the thrilling story of what the R.A.F. is doing in the present operations the best advice to give is: see the daily despatches. This picture goes to press at about the same time as the news of the biggest air "strafe" of the war—so far—has come in

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

RECRUIT, who had been complaining to the Quartermaster-Sergeant that his new battle-dress didn't fit anywhere, walked, unsatisfied, out of the stores into the arms of a Very Senior Officer without saluting.

The officer pulled him up. "Look at my uniform," he said.
"Yes, I know," replied the recruit.
"Mine's lousy, too!"

THE general was approaching the barrackgate, when suddenly he stopped in front of the sentry.

"Did I see you smoking?" he asked

No, sir!" replied the man smartly. "I could have sworn I did," went on the

general dubiously.
"That's all right, sir," replied the sentry
breezily. "The last officer who passed here swore he saw me sitting on a white elephant!"

THE men of a certain coastal anti-aircraft battery must be at their positions within three minutes of an air-raid alarm being received.

For some time they had nothing to do, and their commanding officer warned them that he would give them a trial alarm to test their speed and efficiency.

In the middle of the night, the alarm sounded. Spurred on by the thought that they were being tested, the men tumbled over one another to get to their posts.

But they were pulled up suddenly in their pellmell rush by an officer. "All right," he said. "No hurry. It's not the trial.

It 's a raid."

 $^{'}A^{
m ND}$ when were you born?" asked the sergeant, taking the particulars of a recruit. "December 1917,"

answered the recruit.

"Ah," mused the ser-geant, "don't I remember that winter. It was bitterly cold."

"Cold," echoed the recruit." I'll say it was cold. Why, I was brought by a penguin—the stork couldn't make it.'

 ${
m F}^{
m OR}$ many days the camp had been under water, and the men's tempers were becoming frayed.

A heated argument started in the canteen about the various officers. A visitor said that his C.O. was famous for his stern

discipline.

"He's nothing to ours!" replied the camp wit.
"Do you know, the old man actually gave one of our fellows two days' C.B. for washing his hands in the water we have to sleep THE visitor paid his green-fee, fixed up a match, and went out to the first tee. Taking his stance, he gave a terrific swing

and missed completely.
"By Jove!" he said to his opponent. "It's a good thing I found out early onthis course is at least two inches lower than the one I usually play on."

A young Special Constable on point duty saw a man removing the spare tyre from a car drawn up at the side of the road. He asked the man what he was doing.

"Stealing this tyre, of course; what do you think I'm doing?" was the reply.

The constable, feeling he had been a bit too clever, walked back to his post. The other walked down the road with the tyre.

A few minutes later the owner of the car dashed up to the constable and said his

spare tyre had been stolen.
"Look here," said the Special, "I've heard enough about that tyre. You get off home while you have the chance."

HITLER: "Who are these Australians they're talking about?"
Ribbentrop: "I don't know, but I

remember once reading about eleven of them beating All England."

Hitler: "Gott in Himmel!

thousands of them ready to come over."

FOUR Tommies, "somewhere in France," were enjoying a game of cards in a quiet corner. Suddenly there was a tremendous noise outside, and one of the players dashed up to the look-out step.
"Hi, you chaps!" he yelled. "A whole enemy division is coming over."

Another of the players got up nonchalantly. "All right," he said. "You get on with the game. I'm dummy this hand; I'll go."

ANY of you lads know anything about shorthand?" asked the sergeant to a bunch of recruits. There was a ready response. Six of them fell out at once, scenting a sit-down job for a change.
"Right-o! They're short-handed in the

cookhouse."

They got their sit-down job all rightpeeling potatoes!

WITH the incriminating letter burning his hand, the enraged husband hurtled into his erring wife's boudoir.

"Woman!" he hissed, flashing his blood-shot eyes. "I know everything!" "Liar!" she sneered. "What was the

date of the battle of Marengo?

TWO friends were chatting in the bar. "By the way, what has become of our old friend, Bates?"

asked the first.

"The last time I saw him, he was taking the cure at Harrogate.'

Really? And to think I knew him when he took bicarbonate of soda!"

ITALY, from all reports, is keeping right in step with modern scientific progress. For instance, in Sunny Italy you can now purchase a sweater made out of skimmed milk.

One can just picture a customer walking into a clothing store in Rome.
"I'd like to see a

sweater," he requests.
"Yes, sir," bows the assistant. "What size, please?"

The customer scratches his head. "I'm not sure," he replies, "but I think I take a size fourteen quarts and one pint!"

 $\Gamma^{
m HE}$ Colonel over the telephone ordered that one of the unit cars should be sent round to him at

"Sorry, sir," replied the N.C.O. "The Major is out in the Vauxhall, the Adjutant has the Bentley, the Medical Officer the Austin, and the Quartermaster has borrowed your bicycle."

When the Colonel had recovered his breath, he shouted: "Find my batman, and if he's not wearing my boots, I'll walk I



"They are a trifle bigger than the September batch,
I'll grant you that"

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N.Z.

THE TATLER SHORT STORY

WOOD OF DEATH By Wilfrid Robertson

ISING to his feet, Currie once more walked to the edge of the camp, shading his eyes against the level rays of the rising African sun. He knew it was a waste of time, for in that part of the Zambesi country the trees grew close and vision was limited. Thompson would be heard coming back long before he could be seen.

Currie was restless, however; the scraps of chatter overheard among the native carriers who still squatted round their cooking-fires had made him so. Besides, definitely Thompson should have been back by now: the lonely water-hole amid an area of dense forest enclosed by a semicircle of hills, the spot where he had insisted on spending the night up a tree in the hope of bagging a rhino which haunted that region, was only a mile away, and the sun had been up quite an hour.

Finally Currie picked up the rifle that lay beside his blankets and called to his head native. Mubi rose from among his

fellows and came forward.

"I am going out," Currie announced, nodding towards the hills that rose on the

northern side of the camp.

"To look for the other master?" Mubi asked. "Yes, it is safe now, for the day is fully come. It is time to seek him, for he will not return."

"What do you mean?" Currie demanded. Mubi spread out his hands, pale palms

upwards.
"When the other master said yesterday that he would spend the night there, did we not tell him of the danger? No man who lingers there after nightfall lives to see the morrow's sun. It has always been so. That forest among the hills is full of evil. The warning has been handed down since the days of my father's fathers

and the dawn of time—in the darkness strikes the wood of death."
"Bosh!" Currie retorted, with unnecessary heat. "If anything has happened to him it has been because he has wounded and followed some animal which has attacked him. You and your evil spirits! Come on, and don't talk rubbish!"

Striding swiftly through the trees, with the native following behind, Currie neared the area. Passing through the gap where the two encircling arms of hill projected from the main range, he entered the dense forest that filled the natural amphitheatre.

In the ordinary way he would hardly have noticed; but now, his senses on the alert and his native's ill-omened words in his brain, Currie became aware that the place was oddly unlike any of the surrounding country. The forest was more dense and mainly composed of entirely different species, and, though he told himself it was imagination, a strange hush seemed to hang over the whole place. Yet it was not devoid of game; for there was plenty of spoor to be seen.

In the silence he had an uncomfortable feeling of being watched, and almost he felt like understanding the native aversion to the area. With a muttered curse and a shrug of his shoulders he thrust the thought aside—he was getting as superstitious as a confounded nigger.

He neared the lonely water-hole and caught sight of the tree in which Thompson had intended to keep his vigil. The fork was empty. But at the foot of the trunk lay Thompson's motionless figure.

Currie bent over his friend. The body was unmutilated by wild beasts and bore no mark of claw or horn; but life had been extinct for several hours. The contorted limbs were rigid, and the face bore upon it a look of frozen horror that sent the chills racing down Currie's spine:

Did I not say so, master?" came bi's frightened voice. "The word our Mubi's frightened voice. forefathers handed down is true- Enter not at night when the wood of death strikes."

Currie looked up sharply. "Talk sense! How could the trees of a forest slay a man?

"I know not, master-I know only the warning. The evil spirits that haunt the trees-

"You can cut that out!"

"Then how comes he to be dead with no mark to be seen on him, and with that on his face which tells he saw something beyond the knowledge of man?" Mubi replied

During the wait while Mubi fetched the carriers, and during the long tramp back with the body and the burial that followed, Currie's brain was busy with the problem.

He could see no light or possible explana-Without visible cause, tion anywhere. Thompson's soul had vanished like a candleflame puffed out by the wind, leaving the body to roll from its perch and fall to the ground, where it had been discovered. Yet what had he seen before the end? The expression on the dead face could not be forgotten.

Currie knew there was only one course open: he must himself spend a night in that tree, and alone, for no native would keep

MILITARY ENGAGEMENT

Miss Pamela Notley, whose engagement is announced to Major H. E. P. Spearing, of the East Surrey Regiment, is serving with the A.T.S., and is seen above wearing the uniform of this most useful unit, for which many more recruits are urgently needed at this moment

him company. It must be done. He shrank from the idea, but he knew his conscience would brand him as a coward if he shirked.

Mubi and the other natives received the intimation with amazement—were all white men completely mad?' Had not the master seen already what would happen? Their astounded protests merely hardened Currie's resolve, however, and after extracting a promise that they would come to look for him immediately the sun rose on the morrow, he shouldered his rifle and struck out in the evening light for the ill-omened spot.

While the daylight lasted Currie made a careful examination of the surroundings. Having satisfied himself that there appeared to be nothing abnormal about the place, he climbed up into the fork of the tree, where three great limbs formed a natural chair. Further to safeguard the position, he dropped to the ground again and fetched up several branches he had cut with his hunting knife, interlacing them in the gap behind him. It gave him a feeling of comfort to have even that flimsy protection at his back.

Dusk gathered among the trees. A nightjar flickered past on ghostly wings, and somewhere in the distance echoed the weird

call of a hyæna.

Darkness came, and presently the moon, a day past its full, rose above the horizon. Currie sat still and tense, his loaded rifle across his knees, and eyes and ears strained and alert. A slight sound made him jump, but a moment later he relaxed with a smile at his own nervousness. A small antelope had emerged from the bushes shading the water-hole. In the pale moonlight he could see the dark silhouette of its body, and the shimmer of the concentric rings that its lowered mouth sent across the surface of

The antelope moved away, and silence reigned save for the humming of insects. The moon rose higher, glinting on the motionless leaves and fretting the ground with black and silver. At least, Currie felt, he ought to be able to see any danger that might approach close to him; had the night been moonless, he could hardly have screwed up his cour-

age to face the vigil.

While his senses remained watchful his mind turned over endlessly the strange problem. Had it all a perfectly normal explanation? Had Thompson's death been caused by some natural weakness of the heart? But it could not be so. Apart from that native superstition-rubbish, of course, but was there not some foundation?—the expression on the dead man's face spoke of something he had seen, and the contorted limbs of a violent and dreadful end.

Currie wiped the sweat from his hands, and gripped his rifle again. If only he had some idea what to expect, it would not be so bad. It was this horrible uncertainty that was setting every nerve on the quiver. It must be close on midnight. His eyes moved continually, trying to keep a watch on all sides at once.

A heavy tread sounded among the trees, and the movement of a large creature. Currie guessed at once what it must be-the rhino which Thompson had hoped to bag was coming down to drink. The great beast descended to the pool, the moonlight shining on its polished horn and ponderous body. (Continued on page 360)





Going Down!

A wonderful snapshot and a rare one at that. It shows a navigator bomb-aimer making his exit through the floor of the 'plane. The R.A.F. are given plenty of practice at this sort of "abandon ship" job—pretty necessary in these times of intense air warfare

Great Work.

OWEVER the battle sways, there is one thing which I know every reader will want me to do this week. It is to pay unreserved tribute to the officers and men of the

Royal Air Force and the French Armée de l'Air for their work on the Western Front. The measure and magnitude of their work may be judged by the fact that General Gamelin, never prone to overstatement, referred to them separately in his historic Order of the Day of May 17. "The Royal Air Force," he said, "like our own Air Force, is fighting to the death." Whatever may be the outcome of the fight, let us acknowledge and record that week of sacrifice and courage. Both individually and as a unit, our airmen more than rose to the unprecedented tasks laid upon them.

It is folly to make comparisons now with 1914-18. The air war on the Western Front has flamed to a whiter heat than did that earlier air war, and we must look on it as a new thing. Now I have talked with those who were on the British and French aerodromes during that tremendous week ending on May 18, and from what they told me it was abundantly clear that our pilots and aircraft crews flew until they were dead-beat with fatigue, and then went up and flew again. It was non-stop war in the air against an enormous enemy concentration of aircraft. The courage displayed was something to marvel at, and formations of bombers went and struck repeatedly at the enemy in the face of ferocious fighter opposition. Losses under such conditions were inevitable; but here the superior workmanship and design of our aircraft came to the aid of our

men and enabled them to inflict

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

heavier losses than they received. It was a story of heroism in the air which must never be forgotten.

Individual Effort.

AND all the time, as always happens when the Englishman and the Frenchman are concerned, there were examples of astounding and audacious initiative by individuals. A pilot with a hand shot away went through with his bombing mission, and was then shot down in No Man's Land. His crew of two bandaged up his wounds and tried for two days to get back with him to our lines. They finally found a handbarrow in which to take him with them as they slunk from one hiding-place to another. It was not until he died that they abandoned him and succeeded in making good their escape back

to territory held by the French.
Hundreds of such stories of almost impossible heroism and obstinate daring have been told. They testify to something supremely fine in the men of the Allied forces. I write while the battle continues with unabated intensity,

and it is possible that by the time these words appear in print it will have swung in one direction or the other, and given some signs of how the next phase will



SIR ROBERT GOWER AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS PAULINE GOWER

Miss Gower, who has ever been air-minded, is in the uniform of a qualified air pilot. In 1939 she was appointed Civil Air Guard Commissioner for London and the Eastern Area, and she was then the only woman to hold "A" and "B" Instructor's Flying Licences as well as other qualifications. She then held the record for having taken up 30,000 passengers

develop; but it is proper to record here and now the heroism of the Allied airmen.

Parashooters.

READERS of these notes in The Tatler good deal of what had been done in the way of the air transport of troops. They also knew something about the tactical possibilities of the use of the parachute. It was a use which I had watched closely, since it was originated by a Frenchman and developed by the Russians. I discussed its use and limitations in these columns. To-day we are preparing to meet in Great Britain just such tactical use of the parachute. It was a good sign that the new Secretary of State for War showed an immediate realisation of the importance of providing against parachute attack, and organised a defence corps without any waste of time.

Whether there will be an attempt to invade this country by air depends upon the way other operations go. But there can be no doubt that we must be prepared to meet such an attempt, and parachute troops are awkward to deal with quickly and effectively. No defence corps can cover an entire country, so that the parachutists have always a chance of assembling before the local defences can be mobilised. In Holland, it seems, parachutists were rained down over a very large area. I think the chief need in dealing with them,

as with all aeronautical forms of war, is speed. The defence corps must be highly mobile, and I should say that cyclist clubs might be of assistance in building it up to full strength.

Information.

I have been in the past rather a vigorous critic of the Ministry of Information's handling of the air news; but I can welcome the appointment of Mr. Duff Cooper to this Ministry. At last we have the right man in the right place. I believe also that in Sir Archibald Sinclair we have one who will make a good and may make a brilliant Air Minister. I do not know him personally; but, judging from his public utterances, he has the right attitude of mind to take charge of the newest and most richly endowed of the Services. I would define this attitude of mind as original, unencumbered by preoccupations with past history, and imaginative. There must, withal, be the strongly rational approach to all problems. Looking back on what happened a hundred years ago will not help an Air Minister. He must think out his plans from the start, and see that they are well founded in logic rather than in tradition.

I also like the appointment of Lord Beaverbrook to be Minister of Aircraft Production. Here is certainly the right man in the right place. I guarantee that Lord Beaverbrook will force the pace in this field in a way that has never yet been done in this or any other country. The new appointments are without exception sound, and give added strength to the Allied effort.

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PETROL VAPOUR By W. G. McMINNIES

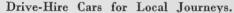
Car Drivers and the Parachutists.

TE have been told to disable our cars at night by removing the. ignition key and distributor arm. The latter draws out of its keyed socket when the distributor cover is lifted off and released by depressing its flat retaining springs. This simple operation takes five seconds, and any garage man will show you how to do it. Furthermore, it is an absolute bar to the starting of the engine, whereas removing the ignition key can be circumvented by an expert.

questioned as to how he'd obtained so much petrol. The story ends abruptly at that point, which is a pity. But as far as I know, the police have no legal rights in demanding the source of a tourist's fuel supply, and the tourist would therefore be entitled to refuse the information.

Car Radio and the War.

WHAT an immense boon the radio is on a car in wartime. One can be sure of getting the news bulletins even when on the move, and in the event of an no advice as to the best course to pursue. Nor is it clear whether the casualties described on one side of the card are the result of the black-out referred to on the other. In my view, it would have been far more telling to have added "Don't drive in the black-out."



SOME motorists who have been forced to leave home have discovered the advantages of the hired car in their new surroundings. A hire car is allowed a basic petrol allowance of two gallons a day, which is also available for a taxi-cab. So that if one hires an "owner-drive" car for a week, one acquires more petrol in that way than the month's ration for one's own private car. I do not know whether this facility is being abused, but if it is, it will probably be withdrawn or amended.

We are lucky to be allowed to motor at all, for in the last war private driving was forbidden. But to-day motoring forms part of our everyday life. For which reason the sight of fifty or sixty private car-loads admiring a certain famous view, chatting and having picnic teas on a recent Sunday afternoon cannot be quoted as an example of wasteful motoring. For this particular beauty-spot was only five miles distant from two great cities, and the cars would have been running for less than half an hour. And admiring a view and drinking in fresh air and sunshine is not only a healthy, but also an economical entertainment. So don't let 's criticise the city dweller and his family who save up their week's rations for a day in the country. The change will make them healthier, happier, better and more useful citizens.



A NEW FORD MODEL

In spite of the difficulties confronting the motor trade, Ford's have had the enterprise to introduce a new model, the "Anglia," to their range, and have been well rewarded for their courage by the favourable reception accorded to this serviceable newcomer. The "Anglia" is particularly appropriate for present conditions, combining the economy of an 8-h.p. car with a spaciousness and comfort previously only to be looked for in a more extravagant model

Another way in which we may have to use our cars to fight the parachutists is as an anti-landing obstacle on aerodromes. The Dutch scattered their cars over some of their aerodromes, but the parachutists either pushed or drove them away, and so cleared the ground for the troop-carriers. The answer to that is to detach a couple of wheels from the car. Then the only way of removing it would be to carry it bodily or blow it to bits.

We 've also been warned that parachutists may try to seize private cars on the roads. If the rumour of their disguises is true, clergymen, nurses, nuns, postmen and Uncle Tom Cobleys who give the thumbs-up sign of the tired-out hiker should be passed by. But if the parachutists retain their uniforms or attempt a hold-up, one must act instantaneously. One can drive on and attempt to scatter them, or make a get-away in reverse. Circumstances will show which is the better plan.

Where Did You Get that Petrol?

F^{OR} some time past rumours have been going round that the police in distant parts of England were questioning motorists driving cars that had obviously made long journeys as to how they obtained their petrol. But according to the R.A.C., no actual example had been brought to their attention. Well, here's a yarn that's going round the Midlands. An owner was making a week-end practice of driving from Warwickshire to a place in North Wales. On the fourth successive week-end run, according to the story, he was stopped and

air-raid warning information would be invaluable. Otherwise anyone who follows the news when travelling has to schedule his stops so as to be near an hotel, shop, or garage fitted with radio round about one, six or nine o'clock.

Parking to the Common Danger.

THERE'S still far too much careless driving, or, rather, stopping on the roads. This was specially noticeable at Whitsuntide, when it was a common thing to find cars parked on the approaches to dangerous bends or near corners. Sooner or later it will be illegal to stop at all on the road, for its space is intended for moving, and not stationary traffic. This tendency has been foreseen on some trunk roads, where sidings or bulges are being built at fairly frequent intervals. At the moment, these bulges are used more by commercial vehicles than touring cars. But they are a worth-while and inexpensive addition to our road system.

Famous Last Words.

NEW driving licences are being sent out with a card, one side of which is printed with the message: "Famous last words-This black-out doesn't worry me"; while the other is headed: "Warning," and states that since you last renewed your licence, over 200,000 people have been hurt on the road, and nearly 1500 licence-holders will never take out a licence again. Personally, I consider this a wasteful sort of "Safety-first" propaganda, for the simple reason that it offers



RED CROSS DRIVER

Lenare

Leader of a very gallant band of young ladies who left last week to drive ambulances for the Belgian Red Cross is Mrs. Harald Peake, wife of Air Commodore Peake, Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry. In doing this noble work, Mrs. Peake is helping her compatriots, for she is the daughter of the Comte de Baillet Latour, of Brussels

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TWO PRETTY WEDDINGS



The wedding took place recently at St. Michael and All Angels' Church, Highclere, near Newbury, between Second Lieutenant Desmond Massy-Beresford, younger son of the Hon. Mrs. Massy-Beresford, of London, and Miss Alicia Markstein (better known as Alicia Marlowe at *The Gate Revue*, Ambassadors Theatre), daughter of Professor Felix and Mrs. Markstein



Another wedding which took place recently at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, was between Mr. Peter Cherry Ashton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, of Claggers, Reigate, and nephew of Mr. Apsley Cherry-Garrard, and Miss Evelyn Mary Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Penley Grange, Stokenchurch, Bucks

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Thomas Moore



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Pictures in the Fire—(Cont. from page 346)

Herr Göbbels's opposite number, Signor Gayda, no doubt will have noted that someone whom we call "Plum" was not deterred from opening the cricket season at Lords by the Signor's hopeful prediction that the process of laying London in ashes would have begun almost before the printing ink was dry upon the paper upon which the Giornale d'Italia is printed. The bat and ball season was opened to the strains of music and



IN WARTIME SCOTLAND

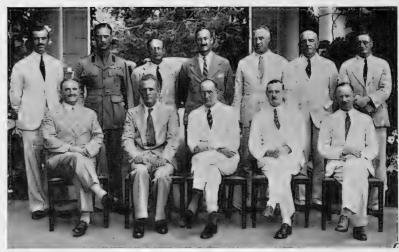
A group at Cullen House, Lady Seafield's Banffshire seat; her other one being Castle Grant, Morayshire. The names are: (left) Captain Leslie Grant, who is a kinsman of Lady Seafield, the chatelaine of Cullen, and on the steed Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, who married Lady Seafield in 1930

the panoply of massed fire engines. The match was between the City of London Police and the London Fire Services. Many firemen wanted to see it, but not being allowed to part from their fire engines, they had to take them along with them. This circumstance

will no doubt be avidly seized upon by the Signor to point to the fact that we were in a dribbling funk of incendiary bombs. The fire engines, however, were really there for an entirely different purpose, namely, to stop any batsman from sitting on the splice. It was a one-day match, so drastic precautions against stone-walling had

to be taken, because the demand for brighter cricket is nowadays so insistent. Incidentally, there will be no interference on our part with the cricket season in either Italy or Germany, for the best of all possible reasons, namely, because it is a game neither of those countries has ever learned how to play.

A Lady Soldier (Ambulance Corps Somewhere in France) accuses me in a most charming letter of not being gallant enough ever to publish a note or two about the



THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF LAGOS

An interesting group taken at Government House, Lagos, of the members of the Executive Council at the end of March

The names are: (l. to r., sitting) Mr. G. C. Whiteley, Chief Commissioner Western Provinces; Mr. G. C. Woolley, Chief Secretary to the Government; H.E. Sir Bernard Bourdillon, the Governor, who, since this picture was taken has come home on leave; Mr. T. S. Adams, Chief Commissioner Northern Provinces; Mr. G. G. Shute, Chief Commissioner Eastern Provinces. (Standing) Mr. A. G. Dalgleish, Clerk to the Council; Brigadier G. R. Smallwood, Commandant Nigeria Regiment; Mr. H. L. Bayles, Financial Commissioner; Mr. H. C. F. Cox, Attorney-General; Sir Rupert Briercliffe, Director Medical Services; Mr. E. G. Morris, Director of Education and Mr. T. Hoskyns-Abrahall, Deputy Chief Secretary

hardships she and her sister Amazons endure. At high speed I retort in defence that I never write about anything that the butler told the cook, because that is not evidence, and that the only reason why any campaigning hardships have not been referred to is because my correspondent is the first to give me anything straight off the fire. However, let's to it. She says that in one of their recent billets the corner in the hay loft to which she was told off made her believe that it was the spot where they had been storing Roquefort cheese or breeding goats.





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Wood of Death

(Continued from page 350)

Currie watched it with no thought of shooting; he was there for quite another purpose. With a jerk he spun round; was it imagination, or had he felt some unseen thing waft past his face? One of those flying night beetles probably, yet . . . Nothing could be seen behind. Quartering the foliage, his eyes rose higher.

It was like the flash of a photograph, for the next instant it was gone, but stamped on his mind was the impression of a tiny evil face high up in the branches of the next tree. A face without a body, a devil face that would haunt any one's dreams. An icy chill raced down his spine. The natives spoke of evil spirits—had he seen one? Quivering he tried to laugh, but the laughter would not come.

Certainly there was nothing there now. Again trying to laugh he lifted his rifle and fired it at random into the foliage—the report at least would be comforting. The shot rang deafeningly through the silent night air, followed by a crash of branches as the startled rhino, whose existence Currie had completely forgotten, stampeded away into the forest.

"Imagination," Currie muttered aloud. "Must have been. Pity I fired, though, for the niggers in camp will have heard the shot and think I've been scared." He glanced up at the moon's position. "Must be past midnight, and not long before the dawn, thank heaven. But supposing nothing happens; can I stick another night of this confounded strain to find out?

Time dragged slowly on, without incident. No animals even approached the waterhole; the echoing report of the rifle had warned all within earshot of the presence of danger. Currie again cursed himself for firing; even the wild creatures were company of a sort in that ghostly silent forest. The morning star lifted above the horizon, and presently the eastern sky began to pale with the dawn.

Currie sighed with relief, and relaxed his vigilance. In a few minutes it would be daylight, and-Rap! Something struck him sharply on the helmet which he had been wearing to shade his eyes from the moonlight. Was it another flying beetle? Remembering the con-junction of incidents he spun round, and gave an involuntary cry of horror.

In the growing light of the dawn he saw two tiny devil faces peering down at him from the foliage twenty yards away. With a snap they vanished, but this time Currie knew they were no figment of imagination. The night was past, and the moon's rays had been absorbed in the stronger daylight. Whipping up his rifle he fired just below where the faces had disappeared.

There was a weird animal wail, the crackle of something falling through the leaves, and a thud on the ground. Adjacent branches quivered and shook as unseen creatures scuttled away in the tree-tops.

Monkeys? The query flashed through Currie's mind, but was instantly dismissed. No monkey had a face like that. He fired again, viciously, into the unresponsive wall of green. The rolling echoes were comforting, also it would keep those sub-human fiends on the run.

So those rumours were true, those tales of Bushman dwarfs still existing in the Zambezi country, remnants of the continent's aboriginal inhabitants still lingering in remote spots far from native villages. Again he fired, and again; those reports would bring his natives hurrying up as soon as the sun rose.

Calls and shouts reached his ears; the men were coming, yelling to each other to lull their superstitious fears. Currie lowered himself to the ground, and stretched his arms. A moment later Mubi and the others appeared. Currie moved towards the spot where he had heard something fall at his first shot. After a few minutes without result he came on what he sought.

The dwarf lay crumpled beneath a flowering shrub, its leaves half hiding the naked body rent with a huge hole where the expanding bullet had emerged. The wizened devilish face glared up sightlessly between the flowers, and the creature's clawlike hand still clutched a tiny bow.

Mubi, leaning forward beside his master, gasped. "Man-monkey!" he exclaimed. "Treedevil! So that . . ." He glanced up at Currie and started. "Master, stand still!"

Alarmed at the sudden urgent tone, Currie obeyed. Raising his hand Mubi plucked something that was sticking lightly in the pith of his master's helmet. It was a nine-inch splinter cf wood, its sharp tip stained with some dark substance.

Were not the warning words true, 'enter not the hills because of the wood of death? Mubi asked. "One prick from this piece of wood brings a death of swift agony. That mandevil aimed too high; doubtless the other white man was pricked in the neck or arm, and he plucked it out before he fell dead, so that we did not find it hanging in his skin.'

We much regret that in our issue of April 24 we said that the music of an item in New Faces at the Comedy Theatre which involves the setting of three of Shakespeare's songs to swing music was composed by Mr. Jack Strachey. Mr. Strachey did in fact compose most of the music for the show, but this particular number was the work, as it was the idea, of Mr. Arthur Young.

The Paper Shortage

In view of the paper shortage, to make sure of your copy of "THE TATLER" each week, it is essential to give your newsagent a standing order. This helps him, you and us. Thank you.

Desmond

prefers Martini plain

Miss Florence Desmond is a devotee of this fashionable custom of taking a glass of plain Dry Martini Vermouth after the Hors-d'oeuvres. She says this delightful drink not only cleanses the palate, but puts one in the right mood to

Florence



M. Poulsen joins Miss Desmond in a glass of Martini Vermouth.

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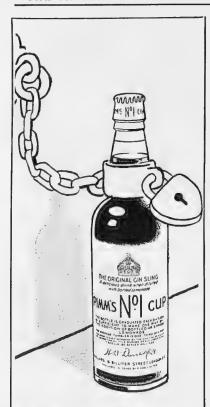
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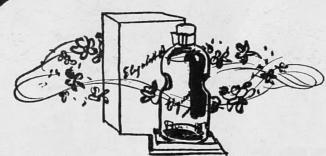
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THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT

Scientists discover

WHY SOME PEOPLE BREAK DOWN UNDER THE STRAIN AND OTHERS DON'T



1st SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group stand war strain best. Their sleep restores body, nerves and brain completely. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

and Group people seem to sleep well enough yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. That's because excess acid waste products in the blood activate their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

IT'S a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy" and tired.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. There are 3 Sleep Groups altogether.

People in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks ton ght. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

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HORLICKS at bedtime 1st Group Sleep

